

Silent Worker.

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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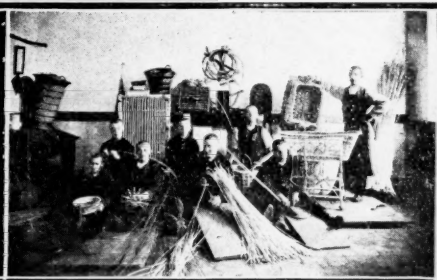
5 CENTS A COPY

FROM THE OLD WORLD

Written Specially for the SILENT WORKER by Mdlle. Yvonne Pitrois.



THE TAILORING.
Institute of Bercham, near Brussels.



THE BASKET WORK.
Institute of Bercham, near Brussels.



INSTITUTE OF BERCHAM,
near Brussels.

17th Letter. Our Brothers of Belgium. I.

THE BELGIAN SCHOOLS



HERE is in our Old Europe a country, small in size, but very large indeed in heart, which has gained in a few weeks the wonder, admiration, love, sympathy and compassion of the whole world. It is Belgium, brave, noble little Belgium, twin sister in the valour of the heroes of antiquity, in the sufferings of martyred Poland! All my readers know all about its invasion, its defence, its systematic destruction. I am convinced that the hearts of all Americans, sons of the land of Freedom, have ached for the misfortune of its citizens. And specially for those of its silent children, our Belgian deaf and dumb brothers and sisters!

There are, alas! I must rather say: there were, only a few months ago, according to the latest census, 4,191 deaf persons in Belgium, 2,290 male and 1,901 female, including for both sexes over 1,000 children of school age. For these, there were 13 flourishing Institutions in existence,

- 1 for both sexes in Liege,
- 2 for boys and girls in Gand,
- 1 for deaf boys in Woluwe near Brussels.
- 1 for deaf girls in Brussels,
- 1 for both sexes in Bouge les Namur,
- 1 for both sexes in Bruges,
- 2 for boys and girls in Maeseeyck,
- 1 for deaf boys in Charleroi,
- 1 for deaf boys in Berchem near Brussels

The teaching of the deaf was begun in Belgium as far back as the eighteenth century, a few years after the Abbe de l'Epee had undertaken his noble task in France. The most zealous worker among the Belgian deaf in these ancient times was a deaf-mute, Joseph Caigny who, having been taught himself by a deaf man, Mr. de Brabandere, became in his turn an earnest teacher, and educated no less than 300 or 400 deaf children. What a noble work he did, specially with the few means he possessed! Later on, in 1785, then in 1793, attempts were made for the organization of the teaching of the deaf in the state, but were not successful. Only in 1819 was opened the first school that was still in existence in our days, the Liege School.



JEAN BAPTISTE POUPLIN
The Frenchman Officer who became a Pioneer
Teacher of the Belgian Deaf.

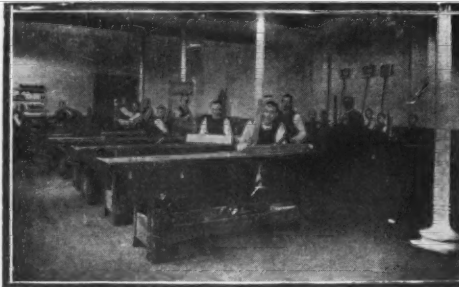
The Liege School was founded by a Frenchman named Jean Baptiste Pouplin. Pouplin had been in his young days a soldier, then an officer in the Army of the French Republic. Obligated by a severe sickness to give up his military career, he became a schoolmaster and, after having taught in France for a while, he came to Liege where he opened a School for hearing boys. One day, he met in the streets a small girl, a beggar, whose destitution moved him with compassion. He tried to question her and obtained no answer: the little one was deaf and dumb! As it had been the case with the Abbe de l'Epee on his meeting with the two twin sisters, and with Gallaudet during his visits to little Alice Cogswell's home. Pouplin immediately realized, understood, —still more: felt, the terrible affliction of deafness and he went straight to the parents of the beggar girl, saying to them:—"Confide to me your daughter.

with the help of my wife, I shall do all in my power to teach and educate her."

Unfortunately, the girl lacked intelligence, or perhaps her master could not find the key giving access to her walled-in mind, and Pouplin was unsuccessful in his beautiful work. He was not discouraged, however; on the contrary, he thought and thought over the problem of deafness, and a few months later, he received two little deaf brothers, the sons of an old soldier, and began their education. The would-be teacher was absolutely ignorant of the method of the Abbe de l'Epee and signs, and knew only the use of the manual alphabet, yet eight months after the boys were able to read and write, even to help their master in the teaching of other deaf pupils! In the space of four months, nineteen other deaf and dumb scholars of both sexes had been brought to Pouplin and his wife. With the most entire devotion and self sacrifice, the former French officer consecrated himself to his new and great task. Strange to say, he had to invent, to create himself most of the signs for the use of his pupils, till he associated in his work a clever French deaf-mute, Joseph Henrion, a former pupil of the Paris Institution, who taught to the headmaster the system of the Abbe de l'Epee. Both successfully conducted till their death the Liege School for the Deaf, which increased by and by in importance.

In 1829, after a visit he paid to the School, the King of Belgium took it under his patronage and conferred on it the title of "Royal Institute for the deaf of the province of Liege. Even in the early summer of 1914, it was a prosperous Institution settled in large and beautiful buildings, which numbered over one hundred deaf pupils, boys and girls, and a little section of blind pupils. The children, admitted absolutely free, received a good education, were taught a manual trade, and formed a bright, happy little people; they already anticipated with pleasure the festivities promised for the celebration of the centenary of their School, in 1919.

Next to Liege School in age came the School of Gand, only one year younger, founded in 1820 by a devoted priest, and which later on was divided in two distinct Schools for boys and girls, respectively headed by Brothers and Sisters of Mercy. The Brothers of Mercy of Gand founded



THE JOINERY.
Institute of Bercham, near Brussels.



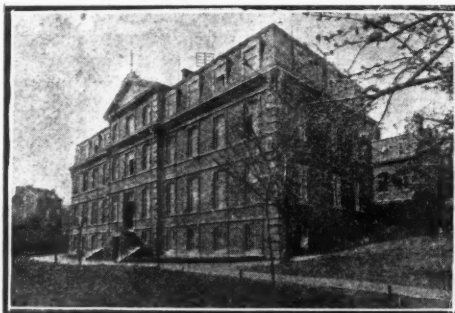
GROUP OF GYMNASICS
Institute of Bercham, near Brussels.



THE SHOEMAKING.
Institute of Bercham, near Brussels.

in addition to their work, a school for deaf boys in Woluwe-Saint-Lambert, a district of Brussels, and the Sisters of Mercy opened in the town of Brussels itself, a school for deaf girls.

Then comes the School of Bouge-les-Namur, which was undertaken early in the nineteenth century by a priest of Namur, but had only at first a very precarious and difficult existence. But in 1840 there came into the neighbourhood a young deaf and dumb Frenchman, a former pupil—like Heurion—of the National Institution in Paris, Achille Gourdin. Having proved to be a most excellent student there, he had been proposed by the headmaster to the Count and Countess of Auxe, parents of a young deaf and dumb boy, who had come to Paris in search of a preceptor for their son. Gourdin obtained very good results with the young count of Auxe,—so much that the Bishop of Namur, who was a friend of the family, asked him to take in hand the unsuccessful school for the deaf of the diocese. The young French-



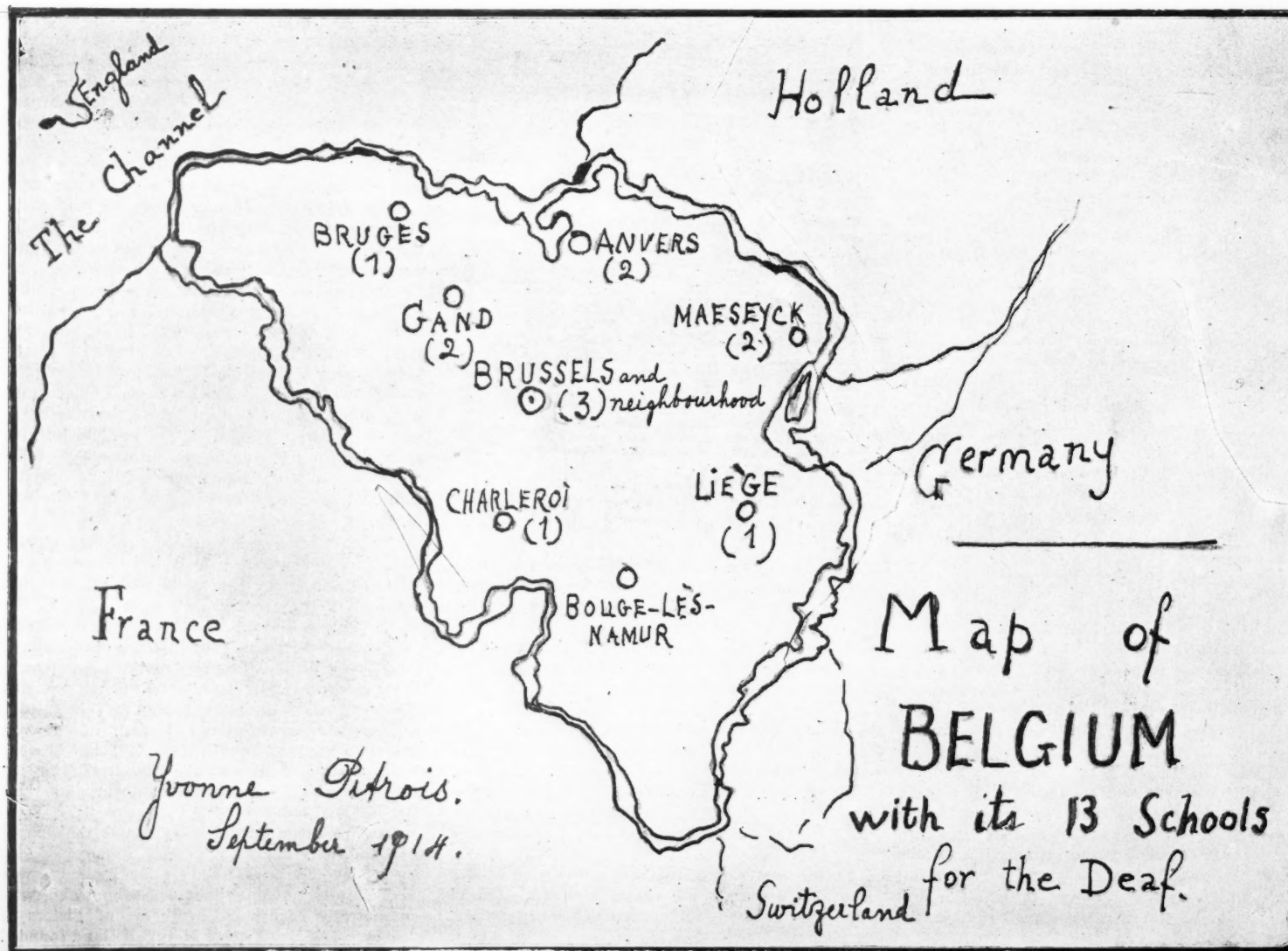
The Royal Institute for the Deaf
Liege, Belgium.

man willingly accepted,—and, from this day, was the most devoted and earnest head of the Namur School, which by and by became quite flourishing, thanks to his exertions. Gourdin interested in

his work and associated in it first his wife, then his hearing son and afterwards his daughter-in-law. When both Mr. Gourdin, his wife, and his son had died, the son's widow, young Mrs. Gourdin, the only survivor of the family, because the head of the deaf school, and, helped by a niece, conducted it with remarkable energy and devotion for nearly twenty years. Before her death, some years ago, she bequeathed her work to the Dominican Sisters, who managed it perfectly. It numbered no less than 170 pupils, boys and girls, and was quite prosperous.

The following Belgian School was that of Bruges, founded by a priest. The two schools for the deaf, boys and girls, of Anvers, had been founded by a society of friends and benefactors of the deaf, who recently erected for the school of deaf girls new and beautiful buildings.

The two schools of Maeseyck were created,—still by a Roman Catholic priest—in 1844, and received the deaf and the blind of both sexes of

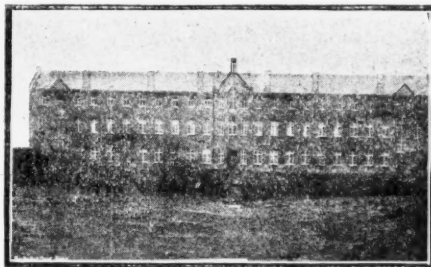


the province and of the State of Luxembourg. The school for deaf boys of Charleroi was of more recent creation.

These twelve schools were all private and independent (though the Liege Institute was patronized by the King).

Only the last, but not the least, the Provincial Institute for Deaf Boys in Berchem, Sainte-Agathe, near Brussels, was created by the Government, and official. It was a very important School, beautifully located, numbering nearly 200 pupils, headed by Dr. Emile Gregoire, a very clever gentleman and a very devoted and sympathetic friend of the silent ones. Dr. Gregoire published several valuable books about the deaf and deafness: an History of the Schools for the Belgian deaf. A biographical story of the Abbe de l'Epee; a Method of teaching of the deaf; an helpful little book of optimism: Deaf, be our equal! and so on. The Provincial Institute received also a few blind pupils. It was rather an industrial school. In addition to their classical studies, the deaf boys were all taught a trade, and could choose between no less than eighteen of them! whose list follows: cap-making; chasing-work; tailoring; shoemaking; typewriting; pattern-making; gilding; cabinet-making; network; glovemaking; engraving; gardening; printing; joinery; modelling; lithography; basket-work; brush-making. The works of the boys were sold to purchasers in Brussels. The apprentices were paid for their work a little sum, that was placed in their names at the Saving-banks, so that the day they left school they had a fund all to themselves to begin their career. Also, marks were

allowed daily to the boys in the workrooms, and every term, tools were distributed to those who had obtained a sufficient total of good marks. One sees that nothing was omitted to encourage



SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,
Bouge Lez Namur

the Berchem pupils to become first-class workers. An Association of friends of the School helped the older boys to find work when they were in need. Every week, special courses of book keeping and other useful items were given free in the Institute to deaf men willing to improve their studies, and were much appreciated.

Of the 13 Belgian Institutions, only two were non-sectarian,—Berchem and Liege. The others were conducted by priests or nuns. The Roman Catholicism strongly prevailed everywhere in the schools, as in the whole country. In all schools, the teaching was given by the oral method, mimicry or signs were severely prohibited in the

class-rooms.... but the indulgent masters and mistresses closed their eyes when the children used them at play hours, or during their walks!

And what now of these schools and their dear little silent population? Alas! The buildings erected with so much love are probably in ruins and ashes, having been destroyed by fire or bullets, or pulled down by the belligerent armies to make clear space for the shooting of the artillery. At the moment the war began, the pupils were all, or nearly all, on their holidays with their parents, in their various cities and villages spread all over Belgium, and they had to escape, in frantic fear, the approach of the enemies. Many, many of them are now homeless, poor, desolate refugees in France, England, Holland and Switzerland, among strangers, in the unknown. DO think of that, boys and girls of the American Schools, who have enjoyed happy holidays in 1914, and have gaily returned to your peaceful Institutions. DO think of the unfortunate children of Belgium,—your brothers, your sisters,—so many of them orphans now, of the sad winter, the joyless Christmas and New Year they will have,—and ask yourselves if you cannot give to them a part of what you have liberally received, for this Yuletide?... You can send me anything for them; all will be faithfully transmitted—and gratefully acknowledged.

Next month, I hope to be able to give some more interesting details about the Belgian deaf, and their terrible losses and sorrows.

(To be continued.)

YVONNE PITROIS.

90, rue de Marseille, Bordeaux, France.

PUBLIC OPINION

By J. H. CLOUD



I think that one of the best features of the school papers is the department devoted to the alumni, showing what the educated deaf are doing in the industrial world. One who reads this department regularly cannot fail to be impressed by the variety of occupations in which the deaf are making good, and by the evident prosperity of many of them. We think the pupils at school should be encouraged to read these columns, as it will serve as an encouragement and inspiration to them. The final test of the work the schools for the deaf are doing is found in the lives of the finished products, or graduates, and according to the items published in the school papers, the schools have reason to feel gratified at the results of their work.—Minn. Companion.

The Editor of the Minnesota Companion states the case very well. A school paper is intended primarily to inform and instruct the pupils, to cultivate among them a taste for good reading and to help them form the reading habit. News items concerning the progress of the alumni will serve as "foot-prints in the sands of time" to the pupils attending school, interest the members of the alumni generally, and give comfort to the parents of pupils. Among the early sad reflections of a parent of a deaf child are: "What will he be able to do for a living when he grows up? What will become of him after I am gone?" He places his child in school, subscribes for the school paper, gets interested in the alumni department, notes what is also said about the deaf in general and is most agreeably surprised at the ever increasing number of bread winning occupations being followed by the educated deaf. Then he knows his boy will be able to take care of himself after graduation.

* * *

The Minnesota Companion is in most respects a good model of what a school paper should be. Other papers may be printed on a finer quality material, may have a more attractive cover, may have a more artistic display of advertising matter, and may bear evidence of neater mechanical

execution,—but for quantity, quality and variety, for range and treatment of editorial topics, and the general excellence of the primary, alumni and other departments, the Companion has little for which to apologize.

* * *



With all good wishes I am, your obedient and faithful Servant, Douglas Craig. Kendall Green
June 23, 1914.

One serious drawback at some schools for the deaf maintaining an otherwise well equipped printing office is the lack of the editor for the school paper possessed of sufficient knowledge of the pupils, of the alumni and of the deaf generally

to make the paper really worth while aside from affording a few an opportunity to learn something of the art of printing.

The "Editor," probably a Civil Service or a political appointee, may be a master printer, a good instructor, a writer of ability in the realm of current events, one who faithfully tries to do his duty by the School. But for all that his paper falls far short of attaining a reasonably high degree of usefulness to the deaf, which is the primary object of a school paper, because he does not understand and therefore cannot anticipate their needs.

* * *

During the past thirty years it has been my privilege to see regularly most of the papers printed at American schools for the deaf and also a few printed in foreign lands. With all due respect to the l. p. l. editors, past and present, it is my observation that, as a very general rule, a deaf man otherwise qualified and given reasonable latitude, makes the best kind of editor for a paper published at a school for the deaf. He gets up a paper more worth while to the deaf in school and out, one which interests the patrons, enlightens the public and enhances the standing of the school.

This may be accounted for in part by the fact that the deaf editors having gone through the process of acquiring an education, and attaining a prominent place in the work-a-day world, in spite of a desperate physical handicap, is able to appreciate the difficulties which deafness entails, to sympathize with the deaf, and is more disposed to consecrate himself to a sustained and intelligent effort to bring help, encouragement and happiness into the lives of his brothers similarly afflicted.

Another observation I have made in this connection is that, with rare exceptions, superintendents of schools for the deaf are not in their element when they attempt to edit the school paper.

The same is also true of foremen and instructors in printing.

The editor of a school paper should be one of the teachers in the literary department—preferably an alumnus of the school which later fact will give him a long lead in the conduct of the alumni department. The school paper is a fairly good barometer of the efficiency of the school from which it is issued.

* * *

In making the foregoing observations anent the l. p. f. I have in mind only those published weekly or bi-monthly at public schools for the deaf. Obviously The Silent Worker is not included as it belongs to the illustrated monthly magazine class, having departmental staff correspondents, with a national and international circulation, and occupying altogether an unique and enviable place in deaf journalism.

* * *

The Washingtonian is the Life of the l. p. f.

* * *

"By a vote taken last week throughout the State of South Carolina, the School for the Deaf and the Blind was taken from the section of 'penal and charitable' institutions and placed in the educational section. This is no doubt due largely to the efforts of Superintendent Walker, who has been quite energetic in his efforts to have the people vote this amendment to the State Constitution."

All praise and thanks to Superintendent Walker for his well directed and effective labor in a just cause. May his tribe (already considerable) increase. How unlike the Superintendent of a school we could name who, when his attention was called to a similar measure introduced in the legislature of his home state, and which was opposed by the State Association of the Deaf, remarked to me that he "didn't care."

* * *

And now will the schools for the deaf in Great Britain, France, Belgium, Servia, Russia and Portugal reject the pure oralism of Germany? If so the war will not have been altogether in vain.

DIFFICULTIES IN WAY OF DEAF

People generally do not stop to consider what great difficulties the deaf have to contend with in acquiring even a tolerable command of English, and what a stupendous task it is for them to secure anything like a thorough education. Hearing people, in trying to carry on a written conversation with a half-grown deaf boy will often express great surprise at his meager knowledge of language, when that boy has been at school probably only three or four years; that is, has had hardly as great advantages as a normal child three years of age. The hearing child's education does not begin with its first day at a public school. The mind begins to develop as soon as the little one looks abroad upon the world and sees the trees and the flowers, and hears the birds sing; and as it learns to put a few little words together it begins to ask questions. It knows the names of all familiar objects and has accumulated a vocabulary sufficient for colloquial purposes before it begins to study the letters of the alphabet. A deaf boy must first know his A, B, C's before he can find out his own name or the names of things which he has seen and handled since infancy.—Virginia Guide.

A DEAF-BLIND DOORKEEPER.

Vera Gammon acted as doorkeeper and collector of coin at the silver tea party, and no one got by her without digging down in the jeans—or elsewhere, for the necessary coin. And after it was all over Vera counted up the receipts herself and got the sum total exactly right.—Minnesota Companion.

No flatt'ry, boy! an honest man can't live by't;
It is a little sneaking art, which knaves
Use to cajole and soften fools withal.
If thou hast flatt'ry in thy nature, out with't
Or send it to a court, for there 'twill thrive.

—Orway.



The Hodgman launch at Lake Darling, Minn. Mr. Hodgman at the wheel.

STAR OF THE MOVIES DEAF?

A movie man informs us that Charlie Chaplin of the Ford Sterling Company, advertised as the funniest comedian in filmdom, is deaf. Charlie, who generally specializes in "souse scenes," has been noticed to use a genuine deaf sign now and then, and does very little lip work.—Washingtonian.

ARTHUR ELLISON.

What appears to be an unique case is that of Arthur Ellison. To all appearances he is a deaf-mute, loves to associate with the deaf and would prefer a deaf woman as a life partner to one who



Arthur Ellison

could hear, and yet he has perfect hearing, can talk orally almost as well as any body and uses the sign-language like a deaf-mute.

Mr. Ellison was born deaf. At the age of seven years an operation was performed on his ears which restored his hearing, but being unable to use his voice he was sent to the Fanwood School when nine years old, where he remained seven years. Leaving Fanwood he spent three years at the Battin High School in Elizabeth, N. J. This was followed by a year in the New York Automobile School, learning to become a chauffeur and repair man.

He secured his first employment at the Packard Motor Car Company's shops in Detroit, Mich. After two years he was sent to Baltimore as chauffeur and repair man for a wealthy Doctor

with whom he remained three years traveling all over the country with him.

Last June the Doctor died and left Mr. Ellison without employment. He secured odd jobs in Trenton and other places, during the summer months, but being unable to secure a regular position as chauffeur he went to Rochester, N. Y. He is now employed as chauffeur and repair man at the Packard Motor Car Co. in that city, and is well satisfied with his position and the city.

WHY NOT LEARN THE MANUAL ALPHABET?

In a moving picture exhibition in Faribault, not long ago one of the films showed how a girl foiled a band of outlaws by using the manual alphabet of the deaf.

The girl's hands were tied behind her and she was watched closely. She stood with her back to an open window, and spelled out a warning to her deaf and dumb servant outside. He went for help which arrived at the psychological moment, as it always does in the movies, and the villains were foiled and the lovely heroine rescued. All very melodramatic truly. But there is a very common sense suggestion in it, to the effect that it might be advantageous for hearing people generally to learn the manual alphabet for their own interests. There are many occasions where the ability to talk with the hands would be an advantage, if not a great help. People could speak to one another across a room full of people without disturbing any one. At church, at lectures, at the opera, people could make comments to one another without annoying others near by whispering. In the school-room, teachers could speak to individual pupils without distracting the attention of the whole class from their books. And there are many other occasions where the silent method of communication would be advantageous and helpful.

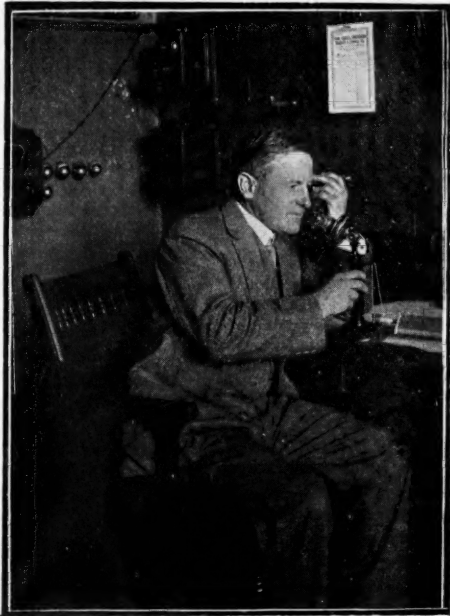
The question is, Why do not more hearing people learn this silent means of communication? We think that one reason and possibly the chief one, is that there is a general misunderstanding as to the real nature of the manual alphabet.

People look upon it as a language peculiar to the deaf, something like Egyptian hieroglyphics or the cuneiform inscriptions of the ancient Assyrians. How often the deaf meet hearing people who show interest in them and say, "How I wish I could talk to you in your own language!" These people do not seem to realize that the manual alphabet is nothing but the English alphabet represented by certain positions of the fingers. All they have to do is to learn these twenty six positions of the fingers, and then a few minutes' practice daily will soon make them adepts to the "language of the deaf." Many people will go to great lengths of time and patience to learn things of less practical value than a fluent use of the manual alphabet would be to them, yet they will shy at the latter as something beyond their ken.—Minn. Companion.

1915 ❀ ❀ CALIFORNIA ❀ ❀ 1915

1915! A Happy New Year to All

By Mrs. Alice Terry



crossed the plains with his ox-team, enduring the perils and hardships of travel in order to hunt gold, which he found in moderate quantities. From him the son Leo inherited his chief characteristics, common sense and business ability. These are precisely the qualities most demanded in the stress and strain of modern life.

In appearance Mr. Williams is taller than the average man. However, we have only one instance where this difference—or the advantage—in physical make-up failed him in time of need. Last July, after we had declared our intention of going up to that greater C. A. D. special session, he was the first one who volunteered to meet us on our arrival in San Francisco. Being ladies, unattended—strangers going to a strange city—we gratefully accepted his gallant offer. By way of recognition he told us to look for “an animated telephone pole in a gray suit and a gray slouch hat.” We wondered a little at the term “animated telephone pole,” but decided to follow instructions.

As our boat neared the pier we glanced quickly over the hundreds of heads there, thinking, of course, to locate him easily. But we did not see him. Finally after we were within speaking distance of the crowds we looked again for him, but in vain. Yet he was there! As we descended the gang plank, however, we had no difficulty in recognizing Mrs. Williams. Not until a long time afterward were we able to solve the mystery. It was this: During the greater part of our voyage we had beheld only the leaden gray sky and the cold gray sea. By virtue of the very grayness in the atmosphere everything else was wont to reflect the same sombre hue. Naturally our poor eyes tired of this monotonous color to the final extent of becoming gray-sick. Although the sun was shining brightly as we disembarked, our poor abused eyes refused to be so soon reconciled to gray.

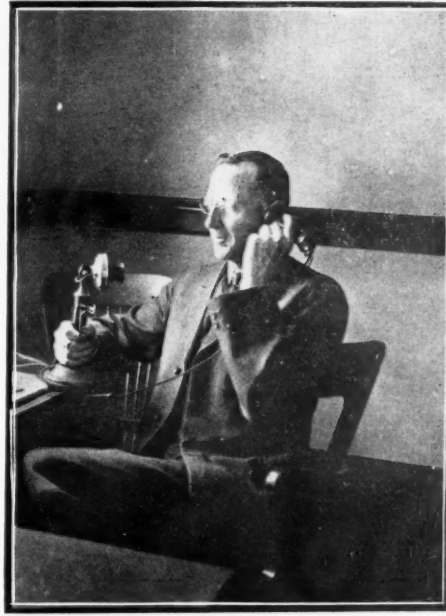
Unfortunately that “human telephone pole” was gray from head to foot!

As to recognizing Mrs. Williams, why that was easy; her trim tailored suit—bless her soul—wasn't gray!

The Williams live in Piedmont, a fashionable suburb of San Francisco. To get there one must ferry across the beautiful Bay. This little voyage is delightful in the extreme. The ferries are commodious, luxurious and up-to-date.

Our friend, Mr. Arnold Kiene, had previously told us that, for beauty and elegance, the Williams's home surpassed all the other deaf homes he had seen. The nature of his business which necessitates traveling a great deal had placed him in a position to know. We had also seen pictures of the Williams's home. From these we could see that they also had wonderful, well-kept gardens. But of late our hosts had written us that since he had become the willing slave of Cadnad his garden had suffered sadly. And he was sure that we would be disappointed when we saw it. As we had also devoted a good deal of time to Cadnad work ourselves and likewise neglected our own garden we were precisely in a state to sympathize with him. Naturally we indulged in a good many unkind thoughts about the C. A. D. and the N. A. D. But at last when we reached the lovely triangular square which is the Williams' home, and beheld the great, imposing house nestling snugly amidst the richest, the most inviting of fragrant tropical abundance—we realized that he had fooled us. Certainly, his garden had not suffered in the least. However, we secretly rejoiced that he could not see our garden, which to this day remains a positive disgrace.

That same evening his home was the scene of a merry gathering of “who is who” in San Fran-



cisco's silent world. We were pleased and delighted beyond words to meet and to know all these brilliant people. Our work and enthusiasm in this coming 1915 event has welded us all together in a manner that makes the spirit of sisterhood and brotherhood spontaneous.

The next day, impelled by our admiration for their great variety of lively flowers, plants, trees, vines, etc., our host and hostess spent sometime with us in the garden. This profusion of beautiful growing things so completely surrounds the house that it is quite impossible to tell where the back yard begins or ends. But never mind, for we have said before that in San Francisco people have the most magnificent backyards in the world!

Snugly protected and partially concealed by overhanging branches of fruit trees is the part of home most dear to little Seth, the baby of the family. Here he had his pet doves, bantams and guinea-pigs comfortably housed. This playground space happens to be on the lowest part of the sloping triangle. At this point, too, we were on a level with the basement floor. We glanced casually up to the top of the big house, which from this low point was a veritable tower above us. Its great height need not necessarily have startled us, if only we had not recollected vividly that this was the earthquake zone. And we wondered if our host, Mr. Williams, has displayed his usual good business in building so great a house in such a region.

To our timid question, however, he replied promptly that that house went through the great 1908 earthquake with no worse a mishap than a bent chimney.

After that we were careful of our questions.

After that remarkable catastrophe poor San Francisco suffered an exodus of some of her oldest settlers. Poor things! Many of them sold out their valuable property for a song in order to get away to an imaginary safer place. Most of them went to Los Angeles.

But how long are they going to be safe down there? Who knows?

Only a few weeks ago, Los Angeles experienced an alarming shock. The writer lives down that way and she knows what she is saying. On the morning of November eight she had awakened shortly before 4 o'clock. She began to think—



HIS ought to be the happiest year in the lives of the Californians.

And it will.

Welcome—YE EASTERNERS!

May our greetings also extend across the sea to Mdle. Yvonne Pitrois and others of our surrounding suffering foreign deaf. Our greatest hope is that they too may feel **Welcome** and **Come**. The year just closed will go down in history as the most remarkable epoch the civilized world has yet witnessed. First of importance will be the wars of the nations. Terrible;—almost unbelievable because of their centuries of professed christianity. Wise men shake their heads sadly and murmur, “Is christianity doomed?”

O, Lord, we pray **Not!**

When the historian makes the record of the still remarkable year 1915 (shall this year witness the final world-peace argument?) he will picture the blessed Panama-Pacific World's Exposition, and he will make it stand out in bold, soothing relief against the bloody European horrors.

In chronological order he will mention the National Association of the Deaf Day, which the San Francisco Fair authorities have put on schedule—the only day of its kind ever recorded in the history of Expositions.

To be recorded in the **world's events** in the greatest history ever written! This ought to convince the most skeptical, the most careless opposer of the N. A. D. Are you a Nad? If not, pray, why not?

The two men who will stand out most promiscuously in this event will be the N. A. D. president, Mr. Howard, and the C. A. D. president, Mr. Williams. So much has already been written of Mr. Howard.

Now we propose to entertain our readers with a fuller account of the other man, Mr. Williams, who, by the way, is the real thing in Californians. Also we propose to cheat the historian out of the honor of being the first to record his good life.

Friendly Comments.

Mr. Leo C. Williams was born in San Francisco in 1866. He is one of our few deaf men who claim the proud distinction of being the son of a pioneer, an illustrious forty-niner. His father had

of all strange things this was the strangest—of earthquakes. At her side asleep was her young daughter. Suddenly there was a strange agitation. For a few seconds the bed shook. But Mrs. Terry, quite used to the restless movements of children in sleep, was wont to ascribe the disturbance to some freak dream the child might then be having. But one thing troubled her. She was sure the child had not moved, and she was sorely perplexed. The next thing she knew the poet Terry had flashed on the lights in every room. He gravely informed her that an earthquake had just occurred. He was confident that a second and bigger quake would soon follow, and he was anxious that they be ready to flee at a moment's notice. But as he failed to state where they could go in that event Mrs. Terry didn't bother herself to dress, let alone arouse the sleeping children.

The second quake which came four hours later, at 8 a.m., proved quite insignificant.

Later we discussed the affair with our neighbors.

Conspicuous among those who got the biggest scare were the lawyer and the doctor, former residents of San Francisco. No doubt they rea-



MR. WILLIAMS AND MR. BELSER.
(The old pards, "me and Joe," 27 years and still at it).

lized for once that it had been cowardly to forsake the city, when mishap they may yet fare as badly down south.

Another next door neighbor, a former Kansas banker (a new man in California) wondered greatly when the window-panes shook, dishes rattled chairs rocked and furniture creaked ghost-like at 4 a.m. Of course it reminded him of the days when Carrie Nation and her hatchet was the terror of Kansas. And by way of comparison he has concluded that earthquakes are tame things, after all.

We hope we may be pardoned for the above comment which does not directly relate to our subject, Mr. L. C. Williams. But by it we have shown that he was no earthquake coward.

His Home Life.

Here we have in Mr. Williams all that could be desired. He has a lovely wife, a winsome daughter and three handsome sons. There is no one who awaits more eagerly his home coming each evening than his little Set, the youngest child. For it is the father's pretty custom to read to him (orally) at the close of day such stories and things as most delight, instruct or inspire the childish heart. If guests are present they can wait, for little Seth is not to be cheated out of his regular half-hour or more "intimacy with papa."

The three other children are now grown. But for twenty-five years Mr. Williams has kept up this pretty evening habit in his house.

There can be no doubt that aside from its direct ennobling influence he early trained his children into the importance of looking upon guests as

"one of the family" instead of some one to be over-indulged or dreaded altogether, as in the case in many families.

Mr. Williams became deaf at the age of seven years from an attack of scarlet fever. His father instantly set about to preserve his voice and at the same time taught him lip reading.

This ability to read the lips with moderate success has always been a great help to him in both business and social life. Both Mr. and Mrs. Williams are graduates of the California School at Berkeley. Mrs. Williams was Miss Emma Reynolds who came to California from Indiana.

After the manner of men who have made the most of life, Mr. Williams proudly attributes his success to his wife. She is a sweet, dignified woman, every inch a wife and mother. She has never evinced great interest in woman suffrage for the valid reason that the demands for her large, growing family has sufficed for her. Instead of dabbling in outside affairs she has concentrated her efforts to the inner circle, the home, with wonderful success. However, of late she has loyally supported our 1915 cause, and proven herself one of our most zealous feminine workers.

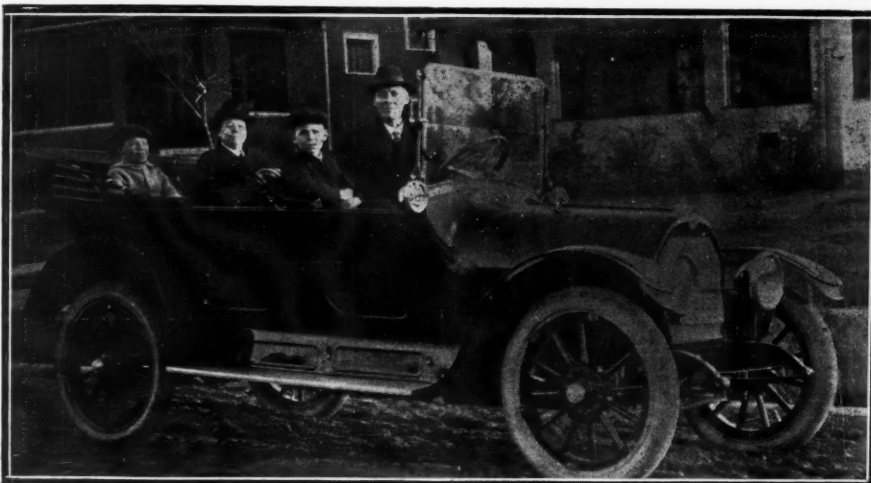
As an ideal home woman Mrs. Williams also displays wonderful talent in fashionable dress-



Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lefi
at home, Los Angeles

making. This she chooses to do for her young daughter, Miss Marjorie. This charming, graceful young lady has already made her debut into exclusive society of the Bay cities,—San Francisco, Oakland, Piedmont and Berkeley. The strikingly pretty gowns, dresses and wraps which her mother creates for her are always the source of admiration as well as a good deal of envious comment from the other young buds and their fond mothers.

It is said that intimation is the sincerest flattery. So it is the debutantes go home and persuade mother or dressmaker to make them a dress "like Miss Marjorie wore." But, by the



Mr. Anton Schroeder, National Treasurer of the De l'Epee memorial statue fund, with his family in their new Overland auto in front of their St. Paul home.

time it is finished—poor copy-cats!—Miss Marjorie has invariably appeared in another new and altogether different gown!

Mrs. Williams might have become Madame Seraphine of New York had she so chosen. (For those not familiar with this eminent fashion authority we refer them to the Ladies' Home Journal.) But Mrs. Williams was blessed with a loving husband, children and an ideal home. Perhaps Madame Seraphine, with all her fame, isn't half so fortunate.

KING ALBERT'S FATHER DEAF

The great war in Europe has developed many new ideas along military lines, which the ordinary individual does not, and is not expected to understand, but one feature of news will come home to the deaf, which is that the King of the Belgians is the son of a deaf-mute. The subjoined is taken from a New York newspaper:

"King Albert is more than six feet in height and has a fair complexion and golden hair. He is thirty-nine years old, is married to a woman to whom he is unusually devoted and had three children. He is the son of the Duke of Flanders, and it was the mysterious death of his brother, the Prince of Badoin, which made his accession to the throne possible."—*N. Y. Journal*.

GUN DEAFNESS AT LIEGE.

"The forts at Liege still hold out." How many of us realize even vaguely the character of the life within those forts, the long stress of it, the fierce tension, the darkness, and the unending night of silence? For it is morally certain that all those within the forts have been rendered stone deaf.

These men have dwelt in a world of mighty explosions, and their ears, attuned to the relatively delicate vibrations of everyday life, must fail under such a strain. In the thunder of the guns there is for these men only silence—a silence, too, that may never be broken.—*The Times*.

YOUR JOB.

The best instructor in the best school on earth can never educate your mind or your hands. Do that yourself. The instructor and school can show how, guide you wisely into the best methods, but you must do the work yourself. An education can never be secured by mere contact with instructors and school, any more than dinner may be absorbed by standing around in the kitchen and dining-room. Get to work and get an education while you may.—*Industrial School Magazine*.

Flattery is false money, which would not be current were it not for our vanity.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage altar, and the tomb.—*Mrs. L. M. Child*.

PHILADELPHIA

By James S. Reider



No. 1.



No. 2.



In this issue we present some new views of both the interior and exterior of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, believing that they will interest many who owing to distance have no present opportunity of visiting the scenes pictured.

Following are brief descriptions of each of the views:

No. 1. represents the congregation posing for a picture at the main entrance of the Church and Parish House on the South side.

No. 2. The nave of the Church; pulpit on the right side; choir stalls stand outside of the chancel. The doorway on the left side leads to the Rector's Study, and the one on the right side to the Choir-room.

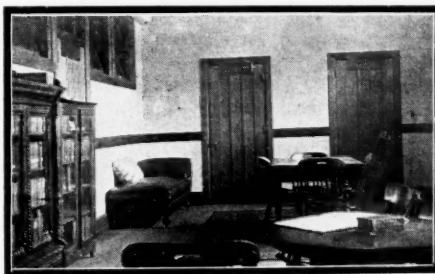
No. 3. The Lecture Hall on the second floor of the Parish House. The object of the view is to show the stage, not the full width of the room. There is a dressing-room on both sides of the stage, the doors not being shown. The stage is a good sized room itself.

No. 4. Same as No. 3, showing the stage scenery. The stage has electric lights which are covered when not in use.

No. 5. The Guild Hall on the first floor of the Parish House. The view gives no idea

of the size of the room, but only of the platform. This room is so well lighted at night that it is much favored for meetings when large enough.

No. 6. One end of the Ladies' Waiting Room.



No. 6.

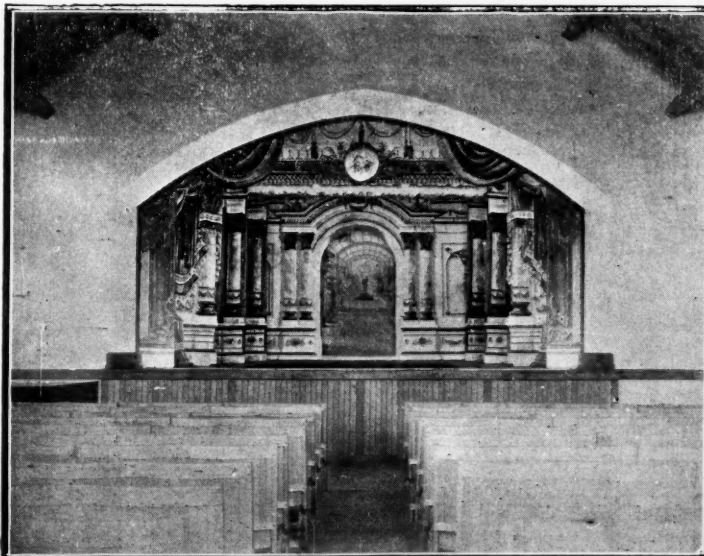
The room is also used as a serving-room and meeting-room at different times. It is large, well lighted and comfortably furnished.

No. 7. The "gymnasium to be" in the basement of the Parish House; used at present for basket-ball playing; very large room and high ceiling. The floor is of cement, the walls wainscoted, but the upper part of the walls and the ceiling are unfinished.

Philadelphia Division No. 30, National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, will give its third annual ball at the North Broad Street Drawing Rooms on Friday evening, February 12th, 1915. Preparations are already well under way; the tickets have been distributed and are a model of beauty of their kind; an attractive souvenir booklet will be issued, as usual, and no pains are being spared to make the coming ball the best yet. This is saying a great deal in the face of the fact that the two previous ones were gratifying successes in every way, but nevertheless the indications point thus. Mr. John A. Roach heads the Executive Committee which has charge of the arrangements, and with him are associated Messrs. George T. Sanders and Frank J. Kuhn. The details of the ball are being attended to by several sub-committees with the approval of the above committee.

The proceedings of the twenty-eighth convention of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf are being printed and will be ready for distribution early in the new year, if not sooner.

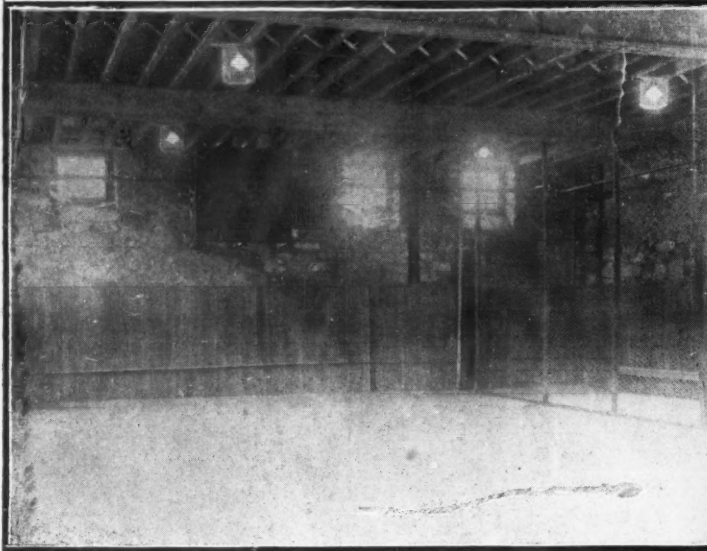
It is an expensive venture, but it seems that the good resulting from it more than justifies the outlay. Anyway, a convention whose records are not worth preserving for future reference and



No. 4.



No. 3.



No. 7



No. 5

public scrutiny is hardly worth while. It also seems to us that the practice of some organizations to put a prohibitory tax upon this kind of document has the undesirable effect of greatly limiting its circulation and educational value. An association's record is its best asset in the public estimation and should be advertised freely. A minimum charge may not be so objectionable, but the organization, which the publication benefits most, should bear the greater part of the cost if a tax is necessary from lack of funds.

Two of our younger deaf have jointly launched into business and are running a shoe polishing and cigar store in Kensington, a busy part of northeast Philadelphia. These enterprising persons are Mr. Fred Greiner and Mr. Martin L. Caviston. We wish them every success. Mr. Robert C. Wall is another deaf man in business for himself here and has been in it for a good many years. He conducts an automobile store and shop right near the heart of the city. Mr. George T. Sanders' busy little printshop is known to many ins and outs of the city, and Mr. Jerome T. Elwell seems able to make both ends meet by his own agency for the sale of cards and signs. As side-work, Mr. Charles M. Pennell has been doing quite creditable job printing work during the evenings and at other spare times.

A vaudeville entertainment was given at All Souls' Parish House on Thanksgiving Day evening for the benefit of the Coal Fund of the Church. There was a good variety of features to amuse the spectators, and, on the whole, an enjoyable evening was passed. The affair netted the Church something over forty dollars.

We wish to sincerely thank the members and friends of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf for the testimonial watch they have honored us with. The gift is a most beautiful one, and on the back of the watch appears the following inscription:—

*Presented to
James S. Reider
President P. S. A. D.
by Members and Friends
28th Convention, 1914*

On December 11th and 12th (1914) a bazaar will be held at All Souls' Parish House for the benefit of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, and perhaps one will also be held in Pittsburgh at the same time. As this letter is sent earlier than usual by request, we must report the result of these efforts to aid the Home in our next letter.

The Gallaudet Club held its thirteenth year dinner at the Hotel Adelphia, Thirteenth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, on the evening of December 10th, 1914. Covers were laid for twenty-six, including Dr. Crouter and three other hearing guests. An excellent menu was served on round tables in rooms A, B, C, on the second floor of the handsome new hotel, and a beautiful souvenir menu booklet was provided. Mr. William H. Lipsett presided over the dinner and the main speakers were: Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, Address (The Gallaudet Club); Mr. A. C. Manning, Our Schools; Mr. John A. Roach, Abbe de l'Epee; and James S. Reider, Address (My Teachers). Toasts impromptu were made by Messrs. W. L. Davis, R. M. Ziegler, Thomas Breen and Mr. C. Fortescue. Dr. Crouter proposed that a message be sent to Dr. E. M. Gallaudet congratulating him on his good long life and wishing him many more years of life with our love and respect.

Mr. Reider seconded the proposition, and it was immediately given hearty approval by the whole company raising at their tables. Several things combined to make this banquet noticeably smaller than those held in former years, but, in every way, it was as enjoyable as any in the past, and some thought it more so.

WAS ONE-THIRD ICHABOD

DULUTH, MINN., Dec. 5, 1914.

To the Editor of *The Silent Worker*:

In the last number of *The Worker* Brother McFarlane, in his account of "The Little Paper Family Banquet," makes the statement that I "signed up" as "the long sought and inimitable 'Ichabod Crane.'"

If my memory is not at fault it was the toastmaster who suggested that I might be guilty of being Ichabod Crane and I responded by admitting that I was "One third of the defunct Ichabod." This certainly does not warrant the supposition that I am or ever have been "the whole cheese."

There have been occasions when I have been damned for things I never did or thought of doing and other occasions where I have had undeserved honor thrust upon me. The former I have usually been able to forget by the simple process of wiping my polished ivory top with my handkerchief, but I have always endeavored to remove the olive crown with as much publicity as it was undeservedly jammed upon its bony resting place. When possible I have tried to hang it where it belonged. In this instance I hasten to snatch it off and wave it on high and assure the public that I have no claim to the honor done me. However for obvious reasons, I can not now place it

on the noble brow that deserves to wear it in all of its glory.

My remarks at the Banquet needs a bit of explanation. Years ago Ichabod appeared upon the scene. Ichabod was one and individual. He had no Katherine and no little Ikey and his Aluminum Editor and his hawgs were both in the womb of the future. He developed and grew apace and lasted, I believe about a year and a half and then his penchant for writing faded. Two of his friends, of whom I was one, did not wish to see him pass in his check and we offered to help him out and each write an article in turn. This plan was carried out for the balance of the second year when both the original Ichabod and I dropped out while the other third of the triplicate Ichabod took the burden on his own broad shoulders and has since "gone it alone" with Katherine, Ikey, the hawgs and the Aluminum Editor. Katherine and Ikey both came into being while Ichabod was triplicate and we took a good deal of pleasure in adding to the family and sort of stumping one another. The original Ichabod probably wrote about fifty or sixty articles, the triplicate Ichabod may have written twenty and the permanent Ichabod has probably written a thousand. Of the twenty produced by the Triplicate Ichabod, I may have written all or a part of six or seven, so in claiming that I was one-third of the defunct Ichabod,

I was rather overstating the facts. This was done, however, without premeditation. It was a crime committed on the spur of the moment without realization of the fact that it was a crime. I hope herewith to correct my error. It would give me pleasure to name the Permanent Ichabod that laurel wreaths and garlands and crowns of gold and of silver, studded with precious stones and a final crown of platinum set with rubbies and diamonds might descend upon his noble cocoanut, but that would sort of "let the cat out of the bag!" The time will come when the permanent Ichabod will bid a fond adieu to his hawgs, kiss Katherine and Ikey and pass to the great beyond to perch upon a fleecy cloud and sing hymns and carols and flap his shining wings in time to the music of his golden harp and the wiggle of his great toe. Then, and then only, can he come into his own, then only will the flowers bedeck his resting place and the poor mortals who survive will have to do without the writings of one of the sunniest and shrewdest and most humorous writers in the "Deaf World." May this time be long delayed and may his tribe increase.

Yours truly,

JAY COOKE HOWARD.

Nothing is so great an instance of ill-manners as flattery.—*Swift*.

STRAY STRAWS

BY E. FLORENCE LONG



WITH the carnage of war going on in Europe there must come occasional thoughts of the Civil War in our own country back in the sixties when Lincoln was president. This European war is very similiar in that it is a struggle of brother against brother.

Many years after the Civil War when I had just mastered my first Reader, I was fond of rumaging in a closet in which my father kept sacredly all the letters and soldier clothes of his younger brother who had died while serving in the war. This soldier-uncle whom I never saw but whose grave I saw decorated every memorial day had a great fascination to my childish imagination. I would often get out the blue army overcoat with its shining brass buttons and doubling the sleeves back put it on; sling the army canteen or water bottle around my shoulders; adjust the soldiers' cap at a rakish angle on the back of my head and sitting down on the floor leisurely proceed to read the pencil written letters of the young soldier uncle. The letters were all descriptive of the war and especially of how often the enemy was routed. One letter only told of the hospital in Illinois and of the sweetest nurse on earth—and then good bye. All the envelopes had the flag printed in colors on them and most had bits of verse added. One envelope caught my poetic fancy and was slipped away into my own box of treasures, for it had the following printed in the left end:

WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

What can the matter be,
Why don't you write?
Has fancy taken you
Off in her flight?

Are you down in the depths,
Where the niads dream,
Or above yon clouds
Where the star-lights gleam?

Have you sailed across
Some oblivious sea,
That you have forgotten
To write to me.

Have you been drinking
Of Lethe's stream,
And remember old friends
As only a dream?

If thus you've wandered
In fancy's ear
From luminous world
To roving star.

Oh, haste away from Lethe's stream
Recess oblivion's sea;
Write to your friends of all you've seen,
But write—first write to me. 1864

◆ ◆
Mdlle. Yvonne Pitrois writes her interesting letters to the Silent Worker from Bordeaux, France, which has become the seat of government since Paris was too near the war zone. And her mother, Madame Marguerite Pitrois, is also active as a Red Cross nurse now—having taken training and become a certified nurse years ago. Madame Marguerite Pitrois is a wonderful woman, for left a young widow with two small daughters she brought them up herself and at the same time made the living as a teacher of languages and as an authoress. The oldest daughter was happily married to a professor in one of the French schools not far from Paris about two years ago. The younger one, our charming Mdlle. Yvonne, remains the apple of her mother's eyes at home and both engage in writing articles and books for the literary world.

◆ ◆
The Council Bluffs and Omaha Mid-West

Branch of Gallaudet College Alumni had its December meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Rothert in Omaha. Cards were down for that night as it was one of the evenings given over to a social program. The meetings this year combine both social and literary features.

As an example of their activities and a suggestion, I send the years' program arranged by



We're from Iowa!



A Trio of Iowa Belles

the committee consisting of J. Schuyler Long, '89, President; Mrs. Waldo Rothert, ex-'00, Vice-President; and Harry G. Long, ex-'05 Secretary-Treasurer.

PROGRAM

SEPTEMBER.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN W. BARRETT. (C. B.)
Literary Program: (Limit 10 minutes)
Patriotic Recitation—Harry G. Long.
Reports from the Conventions, Mrs. J. Schuyler Long, Miss Sarah Sterby and J. Schulyer Long.
Cards.

OCTOBER.

MR. AND MRS. PERRY SEELY. (O.)
Halloween Program: (Limit 10 minutes)
Origin and Observation of Halloween—Mrs. John W. Barrett.
Superstitions of Halloween—Zach B. Thompson.
Ghost Story—Robert Mullin.
Ghost Story—Mrs. Waldo H. Rothert.
Cards.

NOVEMBER.

MR. AND MRS. F. C. HOLLOWAY. (C B)
Current Events:
Causes of the European War—F. C. Holloway.
Present Status of the War—Perry Seely.
Recitation, "Charge of the Light Brigade"—Harry G. Long.
Situation in Mexico—Waldo H. Rothert.
The Best Books of the Year—Opinions and Synopsis of Book by Mrs. F. C. Holloway, Mrs. Harry G. Long, Mrs. Ota Crawford Blankenship and J. W. Sowell.

DECEMBER.

MR. AND MRS. WALDO H. ROTHERT. (O.)
Cards.

JANUARY.

MR. EDWARD MICHAELSON AND (C. B.)
MISS SARAH STREBY.

An Evening of Vaudeville:

Farce—J. Schuyler Long and Edward Michaelson.
Monologue—Mrs. Perry Seely.
Dialogue—Waldo H. Rothert and Perry Seely.
Dancing and Singing—Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Long.
Play—Arranged by Mr. and Mrs. John W. Barrett.
Monologue—Robert Mullin.

FEBRUARY.

MR. ROBERT W. MULLIN. (O.)

Cards.

MARCH.

MR. AND MRS. J. SCHUYLER LONG. (C. B.)

An Evening With the Poets:

Edgar Allen Poe—James W. Sowell.
Recitation from Poe—Harry G. Long.
James Whitcomb Riley—Mrs. J. Schuyler Long
Recitation from Riley—Mrs. Waldo H. Rothert.
Helen Hunt Jackson—Mrs. James W. Sowell.
Recitation from Jackson—Mrs. Ota C. Blankenship.
Eugene Field—J. Schuyler Long.
Recitation from Field—Miss Sarah Streby.

APRIL.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES W. SOWELL. (O.)

An Evening With Shakespeare:

Selection from
King Lear—Harry G. Long.
Othello—Waldo H. Rothert.
Richard III—John W. Barrett.
Taming of the Shrew—Mrs. Perry Seely.
Merry Wives of Windsor—J. Schuyler Long.

MAY.

Annual Banquet, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

JUNE.

MR. AND MRS. HARRY G. LONG. (C. B.)
Annual Election and Business Meeting

Cards.

The membership of the Branch consists of the following names:—

MEMBERS

ACTIVE

Frank C. Holloway, '78.....Iowa
Rev. James H. Cloud, '86.....Missouri
J. Schuyler Long, '89.....Iowa
John W. Barrett, ex-'89.....Iowa
Zach B. Thompson, ex-'89.....Iowa
Mrs. Ella F. Black Long, ex-'92.....Iowa
Rev. Jacob M. Koehler. Hon. '95.....Missouri
Mrs. Augusta Kruse Barrett, ex-'96.....Iowa
Waldo H. Rothert, '98.....Nebraska
George F. Willis, '99.....Iowa
James W. Sowell, '00.....Nebraska
Mrs. Florence Phelps Rothert, ex-'00...Nebraska
Mrs. Maud H. Brizendine Sowell, '01...Nebraska
Mrs. Ota Crawford Blankenship, ex-'03...Nebraska
Mrs. Emma G. Morse Seely, '05.....Nebraska
Harry G. Long, ex-'05.....Iowa
Mrs. Mabel E. Fritz Long, '06.....Iowa
Edward L. Michaelson, N. '08.....Iowa
Perry E. Seely, ex-'08.....Iowa
Miss Sarah B. Streby, '09.....Iowa
Robert W. Mullin, ex-'14.....Nebraska
Mrs. F. C. Holloway.....Iowa
Mrs. Zach B. Thompson.....Iowa
Mrs. G. F. Willis.....Iowa

HONORARY

Hon. Henry W. Rothert.....Iowa
Mrs. Henry W. Rothert.....Iowa
R. E. Stewart.....Iowa
F. W. Booth.....Nebraska
Mrs. F. W. Booth.....Nebraska

Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second-class matter.]

JOHN P. WALKER, M. A., Editor.
GEORGE S. PORTER, Publisher.

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ALL CONTRIBUTIONS must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

THE SILENT WORKER is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents on educational or other subjects.

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REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS will not be returned unless stamp is enclosed.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

VOL. XXVII. JANUARY, 1915. No. 4

A glad new year to all.

It is a pleasure to loan half-tones to papers that can re-produce them in the manner that Ephpheta has re-produced our cuts of the Chinese school at Lai-thieu; and it is an added pleasure to note the very nice little editorial reference in the December issue of that paper to Mdle. Yvonne Pitrois and our Silent Worker.

SEASONABLE

The December meeting of the Teachers' Association was a departure from its predecessors of the year, in that we had with us Miss Woodward, the President of the Trenton Teachers' Association, and discussions of speech-teaching, discipline, and the work of our own hands gave place to a delightful lecture on "evergreens, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

IN HARD LINES

The Lord has not "tempered the blast to the shorn lamb" altogether in our printing-office of late, for while we have not a very well-seasoned corps the work has poured in from every side; so that the little printers hailed with especial joy the winter holiday. They did not quit, however, till their work was pretty completely caught up and they begin the new year with quite a clean slate.

FIT

The announcement of the appointment of Mr. Allen Bradshaw Fay as associate Editor of the Annals will come as gratifying news to every reader of that excellent periodical. We now all will have the satisfaction of knowing that in the event of any interruption in the work of our friend, E. A. Fay, there will be no interruption in the splendid publica-

THE SILENT WORKER

tion so long dependent largely on his efforts and associated with his name.

HOMEWARD BOUND

The special car attached to the 10.10 train going north on Saturday was an object of the greatest interest all the way from Trenton to Jersey City, and, no wonder! for it contained just an even hundred of the brightest, rosiest, happiest children that ever took a train. Mr. Walker went with them, in person, delivering them, in little parties, along the way, and by twelve every one was nestled up to its papa and mamma, there to remain for seventeen long, happy days; and when they return, we'll warrant it will be with the same sense of happiness they had when they left for their joyous Christmastide.

IN GOOD HANDS, HOWEVER

It would have been meet if Mrs. Mills could have reaped the fruits of her success with the little son of Mr. Hsia. The distinguished gentleman, it seems, was employed in the Chinese Imperial customs in Tientsin, and had heard by way of England of the school for the deaf at Chefoo. He had a deaf son whom he took to Mrs. Mills with the request that he be taught to speak, immediately. Not wishing to shock him with the whole truth, she told him that it would take months, whereupon he insisted that an effort be made at once.

As the word that probably would give the father the most joy, she took "fu," meaning father, wrote the character upon a slate, took the little fellow upon her lap, "placed his hand upon her throat so that he could feel the vibrations" and in a trice had him saying in a clear distinct tone "fu." Mr. Hsia burst into tears and his joy knew no bounds. Instead, however, of having little Ziao's education completed at the Chefoo school, he has secured an appropriation from the Chinese government and will send his little one away to be educated. Truly, "a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country."

ONE DIRE RESULT

As one of the results of the European war it is thought that there will be a large increase of deafness in the countries involved. Despite every precaution it is found that the explosions of the enormous guns used have the most injurious effects upon the nerve terminals, frequently rupture the drum-membranes, and in numerous cases produce complete deafness. Owing to the confinement, the size of the guns, and the impossibility of getting any distance from them when they are fired these results are brought about more frequently aboard the man-of-war than in fighting upon land. Everywhere, however, the danger is great and the efforts that have been made to provide against the event have been but

partly successful. Keeping the mouth open during an engagement or using a plug for the ears are suggested as a remedy, but in the heat of action, both precautions are liable to be overlooked, and a large increase of deafness may be expected as a part of the aftermath of the conflict now raging.

THE GAD

The question of whipping has again arisen in our public schools, and a very high educational authority gives it as his opinion that corporeal punishment is sometimes necessary to lead the boy or girl back into right ways of thinking, and that there are occasions upon which nothing else will do the work. This may be true but the extreme difficulty of picking out these cases, makes it rather a hazardous experiment. It is a sort of cautery which in some cases does just the work expected of it and in others eats to the bone, sometimes curing the fault and at other times but rousing all that is vicious and vindictive in the nature of the child. Pretty certain it is that when one is so bad as to need "the gad," a fitting punishment would be to suspend him from association with school children who are trying to do what is right and upon a repetition of his offense to expel him altogether.

AND NOW SASKATCHEWAN

The eyes of principals and teachers who are "unattached" are at present, turned towards Saskatchewan where a new school for the deaf will be opened during January. The pupils of this province formerly were educated in the Winnipeg school; but, while the latter institution has just moved into ample and almost palatial quarters the distance from most parts of Saskatchewan is so great that it was decided to establish a school there also. Population is increasing so rapidly in these provinces that there doubtless will be pupils enough to fill both in the very near future.

INVICTUS

By William Ernest Henley

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

SCHOOL and CITY



Christmas.

Magic word:

Laden with love.

Telling us of home.

Filling the heart with joy.

How quickly the old year passed.

Bear in mind to write it 1915 now.

The trip home was a very merry one.

Our enrollment now is 190, with more to come.

Everybody has our good wishes for the new year.

Old Boreas and Jupiter Pluvius at length hold sway.

A hail-storm varied the monotony on Saturday evening.

Cousin Edna's letters seem to be an especial delight to Edith Tussey.

Miss Mahan was kept at home a couple of days last week by tonsillitis.

The thermometer hugged the zero mark very closely on the 15th.

May Lotz's pretty winter dress is the handiwork of Cathryn Melone.

Every one has taken a back seat for Santa Claus during the past month.

The spring stretch between holidays is rather longer than the fall one.

The last of our chestnut trees appears to have succumbed to the blight.

We all expect to see the great Pan American Exposition—in the movies.

Ruth Ramshaw is the possessor of a pretty new ring, the gift of her aunt.

Our stable is getting a thorough overhauling and will start the new year right.

Andrew McClay wrote a long letter to his brother Samuel in California, on Monday.

The basket-ball team and the monitors attended the State St. entertainment on Tuesday.

A muff and cape were two of the pretty things that came to Lillian Leaming, at Yuletide.

There has been a large number of presents exchanged among the girls as Christmas gifts.

We all appreciate the letters of Joseph Adlon, who is now writing the Newark notes for our paper.

The sun may be shining somewhere all the time, but we certainly appear to get a very small share.

Marion Apgar thinks it would be nice to have a motorcycle. She does not know the danger of one.

One would think that all of our boys and girls were of yankee bringing up, they are so fond of baked beans.

We are daily in receipt of letters from boys and girls expressing regret that they did not remain at school longer.

A fine balmain coat for Mary Sommers is a recent product of the sewing department.

The minutes of the State Board of Education, alone, made forty pages of work for the printing office, last month.

There has not been quite enough snow to suit our boys and girls, this winter. They miss the sledding and snow-balling.

In lieu of the basket-ball, the little girls were given a trip to a picture show and an ice-cream treat on Saturday evening.

James Davison and John Dugan work early and late in the printing-office, and are bound to make a success of their trade.

A number of members of the household received checks from the banks, where they had established Christmas funds.

The reproduction of the moving-picture lessons in speech and writing afford excellent school-room exercises for the children.

We open the new year with an electrically lighted dining room and large new electric lights at the entrance of the main building.

The burning of the Edison works throws quite a number of deaf men out of employment. Mr. Edison is quite hard of hearing himself.

The half-tone department has been quite favored, this fall, having received an unusual number of interesting pictures to re-produce.

My, but the days are short. It is a common occurrence for us to have our gas lit by five in the afternoon.

The magazines and periodicals have been greatly missed during the fall. They will begin again in January.

Dawes Sutton has obtained a fine position in Atlantic City, and is not only making a living, but is laying up good money for the rainy day.

Our former treasurer, Mr. Edwards, the State Comptroller, has resigned and Mr. Walker is now the custodian of the current funds of the school.

Mr. Sharp spent Sunday at Atlantic City, and witnessed the destruction wrought there by the storm. He says he never saw the waves fashed to such a fury.

We all read, with the greatest regret, of the destruction of Mr. Edison's great plant, in Orange, by fire. Many of us have seen the buildings that were burned.

Walter Throckmorton was struck by an automobile on Division St., on Tuesday, and narrowly escaped being badly injured. As it was, he was quite lame for several days.

The school-room vacated by Miss Hall, in the industrial building, has been made an adjunct to the printing department, and the hand-setting of type is now all done there.

Randall McClelland says, in a recent note, that he is an enthusiastic operator on the linotype. We are pleased to note this, for it means that Randall will make a success of it.

We were a little afraid that chicken-pox would keep our infirmary open during the holidays, but a kind Providence had our only case entirely well in time for the home-going.

The moving-picture exhibitions given at the B and B theatre on Chestnut Ave., are exceptionally fine ones, and crowded houses are the rule at every show.

The city lights at the corners of our square have been supplemented by two large lights at the end of our industrial building and now our grounds are finely lighted everywhere.

The appeal of Miss Pitrois is behalf of the Belgian deaf is indeed a pitiful one, and, though we have already contributed liberally to the fund for the suffering Belgians, we shall have to do something for these fatherless, homeless children.

We had an invitation from Mr. Levy to attend the performance of Little Lord Fauntleroy at the Grand, last Monday, but, much to our regret, a storm prevented our attending.

Our basket-ball team has had a very successful season, winning fifteen consecutive games. The Princeton High took them into camp, last week, however, by the score of 34 to 25.

The difficulty of breaking an egg between the palms of the hands by pressure upon the ends was shown on Thursday, when all of the large boys failed except Oreste Palmieri. After many efforts, he succeeded in crushing it, only to find that it was badly spoiled.

The following were the reels that formed the basis for our moving-picture lecture on Thursday evening;

REEL 1—TRAVEL

The City of San Francisco.

Ruins of the city hall destroyed by fire, in 1906; Mission Dolores; Seal Rocks and Cliff House; Japanese Tea Gardens; Entrance to Sutro Heights Park; Views in Golden Gate Park; The Cider Press; Water Fountain; Monument to Francis Scott Key, author of the Star Spangled Banner; Officials preparing to break ground for the Panama Pacific Exposition in 1915.

REEL 2—NATURE STUDY.

The Bud, the Leaf and the Flower.

Horse Chestnut buds and leaves; Unfolding Flower buds and flowers; Lilac Blossoms taking 10 days to develop; A cluster of Lilac Blossoms; The Hawthorn Bush, with Boquets of 15 to 20 flowers; Apple Blossoms; The Rose, The Creator's Masterpiece; Cyclamin Rose; Pansies.

REEL 3 — MINING.

Copper Mines at Bingham, Utah.

Removing the capping over the ore deposit at the top of the mountain; Drilling for blast; A noon blast; Buckets of Ore; Loading Ore; The Town of Bingham 6 miles long and 60 feet wide; The American Red Cross Society in Mine Rescue work; Taking man from live wire; Lifting an injured workman; Artificial Respiration; Use of the Pulmotor; The State Industry; A State Quarry; Blasting; School slates.

REEL 4 — CURRENT HISTORY

Carash—Selig News Pictorial.

German Cruiser pays visit to America; Tangoing at Brighton Beach; Auto Parade in Ohio; International Tennis Fight; Moving a Million in Gold; Equine Blue Bloods striving for prizes; Girl drivers contest at Traver's Island; Parade in Belfast.

SPECIAL—A two-part story.

C for Candles and Candies;

H for Holly so bright;

R for Rings and Ribbons;

I for Ice-Cream so white;

S for Snow and Tin Soldiers;

T for Trumpets to blow;

M for Mistletoe waxy;

A for Apples you know;

S for jolly old Santa

Who brings to us all good cheer;

All of these letters for Christmas,

The merriest day of the year.

WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

BY ALEXANDER L. PACH



OMING home in the Subway the other evening, a hearing friend who stood next to me, and shared the same strap in an indecently packed train, called my attention to a third person, also standing, who had an acousticon, or some similar device to aid defective hearing, fastened over his ears. When we had journeyed far enough up town to enable my friend to get a pencil out of his pocket, he asked me what the device was, and I explained.

He remarked that he would rather be totally deaf than to be burdened as the man was. I told him he would look at it very differently if he were deaf, and that there were none of us who wouldn't gladly carry even heavier and more complicated harness, if it brought us the golden joy of hearing. He let it go with "Well, I hadn't thought of it in that way."

Only a few days before some one wrote me an inquiry asking what progress was being made in the line of medical research that involved restoration of hearing. Had to reply that I hadn't heard of any, and trotted out the old information that Edison is wizard enough to triumph in everything he undertakes, but that he hadn't seen fit to undertake to alleviate his defective hearing. As a scientist he knows the futility of it.

During the Conventions of the National Association of the Deaf, and the Promotion of Speech to the Deaf, which were held about the same time during the World's Fair in Chicago, in 1893, there were a number of us domiciled at the University of Chicago, and there were evening confabs on the lawn that sometimes lasted until two o'clock in the morning. One night the subject of possible restoration of hearing to the deaf, was discussed by a number of men, among them Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, who went very deep into the subject. Most of those present were hearing persons, but all remarks were interpreted to the few of us who were deaf. At his conclusion, Dr. Bell turned and speaking directly to me—said:

"Don't you suppose that if it were possible to bring about this happy matter, that I would not have brought it about long ago, primarily to benefit my p-o-o-r d-e-a-f w-i-f-e?"

That's as near as I can reproduce it in type, but he put such a world of pathos in the way he finished the sentence that I have thought of it many times since, and I have never read, or heard of anything bearing on the subject but what the scene came up before me, just as it happened out there on the campus of the University.

What an irony of fate that this wonderful man, who has accomplished so much good in annihilating time and space; and made it possible for people to hear the voices of others, even though thousands of miles apart, is utterly helpless to make his own voice heard to his wife when he stands beside her!

It has often been stated that one of the worst handicaps to a deaf man in business is his inability to use the telephone. I have more than once commented on the matter. Yet there's another side to the picture, and that is that by his very handicap, a deaf man saves a lot of time that might otherwise be taken from him by misguided friends. If a deaf man in business can have a good manual alphabet adept to take and send his telephone messages, there is no doubt that he will be the gainer in the matter of time saved.

And speaking of telephone messages:

Some one rang me up not long ago, when there was no one in the apartment but myself, a friend and his wife and their dog. The dog was the

only one of the three that could hear. She has been used to supplying the hearing sense to the couple who are so fortunate as to possess her. The phone bell rang and she set her head and ears at attention. I hurried to the door. No one there!

I turned to ask her ladyship what she meant by fooling me that way, when she barked a couple of times with her head toward the telephone.

I got as busy on the phone as a deaf man can, and asked the Hall-man to take the message for me, write it out and bring it up. Of course all this at a venture, for a deaf man talking over the phone is the same as one winking at a pretty girl in the dark. You may know what you are doing but there is no assurance that any one else does.

However, in a few minutes her Dogship announced that the door bell was ringing, and sure enough the hall-man handed me the message that he had taken for me.

And a jump back twenty years, brings me to another incident, and in this the wife of the owner of the dog also figured.

A party of deaf people were down at Ocean Grove, N. J., when the announcement, in writing, was made that Alex. Pach was wanted at Long Branch by his mother, and at once. The party named proceeded immediately to Long Branch, only to find his mother was not at the supposed place and had not been there and had not telephoned for him.

The mystery was solved next day when it came out that the party phoned for by her mother was Alice Hatch. The person who answered the phone had erroneous ideas as to the pronunciation of my name, or he would never have made the blunder he did.

If a deaf man has a very important message for another deaf man, it has been my experience that he will not balk at time or distance, but will go and interview the person he wants to see himself. Turning the message over to be sent by a third person, and received by a fourth person, opens the door to all kinds of misunderstanding, so, as before stated, the deaf man prefers to carry his own message, if time allows.

My friend of ever so many years' standing, John F. O'Brien, writing for his publication, Ephpheta, says Principal Currier has "added another peg to his hat," (in the matter of the gradual broadening of Military Instruction of the Deaf in being adopted by other schools). Some years ago, I thought I held the mixed metaphor championship, but I retire in favor of Brother O'Brien.

When I started this story I was going to suggest that Moving Pictures come nearer to a realization of hearing for the deaf than anything else. Every day brings the moving-film story to a better and higher state of perfection, and now that the best of the successful plays are being shown by motion pictures, the \$2.00 presentation of a comedy will be a greater source of joy to a deaf person when it reaches the screen, and where it can be enjoyed for ten cents in its pictured form far more than in its stage presentation. Then, too, in the Movie house, it will form only a part of an evening's delight.

The "tired business man" and his wife, for whom the theatres for the hearing are primarily provided for, part with a five dollar bill for their evening's recreation, and have a 20 mile subway ride in the bargain. The tired deaf man can drive dull care away by walking around the corner to his favorite "movie" house, and if the program does not suit him, there are a dozen others within easy walking distance. Just last night there was

a picturized version of "The Wishing Ring." The Shuberts put it on the stage several years ago, but in its film form it is ever so much better than it was on the stage. Then we had "Doc Yak." The ears of the deaf are just as useful in enjoying the "Doc Yak" antics as are those of the hearing, for it is the eye that makes "Doc Yak" Weekly a revelation, as it always is, in presenting to the eye the events that are making history, good and bad, all over the world. Happenings at our very door; in Canada; in Australia, and then comes the caution requested in the message to President Wilson asking us to make no demonstration in order to preserve neutralities. Immediately we see, with our own eyes, some of the horrible happenings of the war, and its results—wounded and dying soldiers, hospitals, nurses, ambulances, troops in retreat and troops going forward. Then as a closer we see some of our own submarines going through the Cape Cod canal. The moving picture operator is evidently perched on the stern of one of them and as the open seas and heavy swell is reached, the United States flag breaks out to the breeze, and possibly with the thought of what that little "U" of this type of vessel had wrought in the way of destruction worked on the feelings of the audience, and all thoughts of neutrality were forgotten, and the audience became a howling mob. Here were a thousand people right out on the ocean, all of them safely on a big ship, with a flotilla of submarines going down under water right in front of them till only their periscopes show! The picture ends, and we are all transported to Kentucky to see, with our own eyes, how the moonshiner's daughter finally reforms her father and marries a United States Revenue officer. This ought to be all, but it isn't.

Comes our old friend George Ade, with a fable in slang. His fables in slang were classics as we used to read them, but now when they are told in picture as well as in story, plus the inimitable Ade slang, they are little Masterpieces. The one before us is the Napoleon story. Fellow becomes obsessed with the idea that he is another Napoleon. A phrenologist tells him so. Then for two reels he tries the Napoleon stunts, and falls down on them all, and the moral comes last;

"If they did what they did to the Real Napoleon, What chance has an imitation got?"

We have had a big ten cents worth and go home to moralize on the Adean philosophy regarding what happened to the real Napoleon. There's a good deal in it, and one may get a good deal out of it he studies it right.

As I understand it, the movies appeal alike to all deaf people. The fat fellow, with his little derby who is so genuinely funny in the Keystone comedies appeal to the risibilities of the deaf man who can put "Lit D." after his name when he wants to, as well as they do to the printer, engraver, carpenter and photographer for that matter. In one Movie playhouse the door-keeper and ushers almost know the deaf editor, and the deaf preacher, who are among its best customers. Up here on the "Heights," the question when one man calls at another man's home in the evening is not, "shall we go to the movies? but "which of the houses shall we go to?"

There are undreamed of possibilities in "Moving Pictures." Improvements are daily in evidence. Broncho Billy was good in his day, but he has had it, and it won't come back. Better and higher things are demanded, and are being given. To the deaf man, the movies are a realization of Monte Cristo's dream realization, for it certainly makes "the world theirs."

LEO C. WILLIAMS, PRESIDENT OF THE C. A. D.

[By an oversight this part of Mrs. Terry's sketch of Mr. Williams should have followed "His Home Life" on page 66 of the present issue—Pub. Worker]

The Scope of His Business.

After leaving the Berkeley School, still in his teens, Mr. Williams entered Vander Naillen's School of Engineering. Later he graduated as Land Surveyor and Draughtsman. After a year of this work he took a turn in a tannery, then tried his hands at harvesting in the fields of San Joaquin. But in order to satisfy his craving for a wider knowledge of the principals of business he again took up his studies. This time he entered Heald's Business College. Here he graduated in 1886, and subsequently entered his father's office in San Francisco as book-keeper.

He did so well that he was soon persuaded to become a partner in this contracting firm, known as Williams & Belser. The business grew steadily. The deaf man by his willing application to any task, by his quick judgment, and by his adaptiveness to figures proved himself the most reliable man in the firm.

After a few years of his partnership with his father, young Williams and young Belser had accumulated enough capital to emerge into an independent firm of their own—and for 27 prosperous years they have stuck together.

The following outline which gives some of the concerns with which he is closely associated, will give a good idea of the scope of his business:—

He is a member of the firm of Williams & Belser, of San Francisco, Calif., (Contractors having operated continuously for 27 years in the construction of Water-works, Sewer Systems, Gas plants, Pipe Lines, and Pavements, and carried on a general business in Excavations and Concrete); Secretary and Director of C. B. Williams Co., a California Corporation (Real Estate and Investments); Secretary of Fish Lake Water Co., an Oregon Corporation, (Irrigation and water Rights); Director of A. F. Estabrook Co., of San Francisco, Cal., a California Corporation, (Wholesale Lumber, Ties, Poles and Crossarms, Agents Mills and Steamers); Stockholder of Jackson Co. Improvement Co., a California Corporation (Lands, Live Stock, Agriculture, Contracts.

As President of the C. A. D.

Here we have in Mr. Williams the right man in the right place. His benevolence, his sacrificing spirit, was never better shown; his adaptiveness to business was never more clearly demonstrated than right here when he agreed to become the commander-in-chief of the California deaf. Under his regime the Association has grown from a mere handful into the greatest of all state associations for the deaf. At the same time he has worked zealously for the N. A. D. Six months ago, he reported 330 new California Nads—and ever since Pres. Howard has been wearing the "smile that won't com off."

As a member of the N. A. D. executive committee he has accomplished in a few month's time things that other men would have taken years to do.

How did he do this?

Well, that is a long story.

But from observation, we can say that one reason for his success has been that he does not tolerate boo-hooing in men. The view of ours coincides well with that of Prof. Runde, who says of him, "his signs are commercial rather than poetical."

We must mention also Jimmy Howson, our State Organizer, who all this time has been our president's right hand man.

By profession Mr. Howson is a teacher and

a chemist. But the wonderful parliamentary skill which he displays in directing association campaigns convinces us, beyond a doubt, that he was cut out for a lawyer too.

Since last July we have had few pleasures equal to that delight which we took in watching the legal discussions between Jimmy and the President. In fact, Jimmy proved himself so adept at law that it didn't matter if he had to hold the baby for his wife while enlightening his audience.

A final word—we hope to see Mr. L. C. Williams elected to the next presidency of the National Association of the deaf.

THE SCOPE OF CHARITY

Second Edition of "The Scope of Charity" by Rev. James Donahoe City Missionary, at St. Paul.

This book is written after years of experience in dealing with the poor and the erring. It is intended primarily for charity workers, but has a message for all—those who are not members of charity organizations as well as those who are. It points out many ways of helping your fellow men, and is of value to clergy and laity.

The causes of dependency and delinquency receive attention. The importance of preventive work is emphasized. The opportunities of accomplishing great good by reform of the erring is pointed out. The benefits of co-operation in charity and social work are shown. The defects of church-supervised charity are frankly admitted and stress is laid on the most urgent needs of the present.

The article on TRAVELER'S AID is of such great value that alone it is worth the price of the book to girls who intend going to a strange city, to parents who wish their daughters protected when far from home, and to all engaged in this phase of charitable activity.

Great care has been taken to be explicit when dealing with SOCIAL PROBLEMS. It requires years of earnest work among the dependents and misfits of society to treat this topic in a definite manner. Every one interested in charity and social work will welcome an authoritative article on this complex and too often confusing subject.

What is SOCIAL SERVICE? A satisfactory answer to this question is here given. If you desire to assist in promoting social betterment and have as yet a hazy conception of how to proceed you will find this chapter with profit to yourself and others.

Under the heading SOCIAL HYGIENE there is included a lengthy article on Sex Hygiene that is of great value to Christian parents. After years of study of this subject the writer speaks positively on questions long debated, and marks out a sane course of action which will be pursued by all who have been seeking for safe guidance.

The chapter on the SOCIAL STATUS OF THE DEAF is so replete with pertinent and interesting facts regarding a class of citizens who are undervalued, and usually treated unjustly. The intellectual, social and moral status of the deaf is presented in a way that will arouse your interest in those who are deprived of ordinary advantage through no fault of theirs.

Read carefully the articles on MOTHERS' PENSIONS. You have a duty in charity to those who are striving against great odds to keep their little ones around them. You should have positive views on the problem of dealing justly with good mothers and at the same time developing independence, and securing future self-sufficiency in the children.

The chapter on THE LIQUOR QUESTION is a storehouse of information on this most important social problem. People who have passed this subject by as of little concern to them may get different social views on this question by reading this article.

Rarely can there be found a fraternal organization that grapples with social problems and does its social duty. What about the organization to which you belong? What are you doing for those outside of your society who are badly in need of your assistance? I recommend you to read carefully "The Scope of

Charity," and having done so you will probably urge your fraternal brethren to be up and doing.

This book of 350 pages deals with other topics of great importance to social workers. The family made indigent through sickness and various afflictions, the home, blighted by intemperance, the miseries caused by the wife-beater, the pitiable plight of the deserted wife and children, care of the wayward, the juvenile court, social settlements, social legislation, etc., receive the attention that gives every uninformed reader a good grasp of their place in social work.

The data given on each one of those subjects is of great value to any one who wishes to know how to lessen the miseries of the world.

The cloth bound sell at \$1.00 per copy; the paper bound at 45 cents each.

They who intend to put the book on sale, or who wish to get a considerable number for a charity or a fraternal organization had better write for special prices. Order from

REV. JAMES DONAHOE,
The Cathedral,
St. Paul, Minn.

IN THE MAKE GOOD DEGREE.

Arno Klopfer, who completes his two years' presidency of Holyoke Division No. 2, N. F. S. D., has not missed more than one meeting and that



ARNO LUDWIG KLOPFER,
Retiring President of Holyoke Division No. 26,
N. F. S. D.

was when he was sent to Columbus, Ohio, as a delegate. He was born in Holyoke, Mass., November 4th, 1888, and received a good education at the Hartford, Conn., School. He is a Cabinet-maker by trade and a good amateur photographer. He works very hard for his division and is very popular in New England. He is a good athlete and gymnast and bowler. He is a member of the Woodworkers, union and is respected by the members of the division who depend on him for advice. Through him free rent was secured of a meeting room at Turn Hall for his division. A small fee is charged upon the socials and dances.

He has visited Headquarters at Chicago and attended Chicago meetings.

PRICE OF THE BOOK

Errors, too late to correct, referring to the price of the book, "A Voice from the Silence," by Howard L. Terry, appeared in last month's Worker. It is here corrected: The book sells for \$1.25, the postage varies according to distance from Los Angeles, a price of \$1.35 post-paid has been decided on, but if you live over 2000 miles from Los Angeles, send \$1.50. Any surplus postage will be returned, pasted on title page of the book. Five copies, postpaid anywhere in the United States, \$6.

THE PALISADES PRESS,
Santa Monica, Calif.

A Story of a Little Deaf and Dumb Boy



ONE DAY, more than seventy years ago, a mason named Kitto was engaged in slating the roof of a house in the town of Plymouth, England. He had his little son helping him. The father was more fond of drinking than he was of working, and more desirous that the child should help him to earn money to spend than that he should go to school and get an education and so he gave the little John the work of a man to do.

On this day in Plymouth then, the little boy might have been found carrying loads of slate up the steep ladder, and so to his father on the roof. Once—his last trip as it proved—the child had just reached the top of the ladder, when his foot slipped and he fell to the ground a distance of nearly forty feet.

He was taken up unconscious, and lay for two weeks in a state of continued unconsciousness. Four months passed before he was able to leave his bed, and four months went by before he regained his usual health. The father thus lost the son's assistance, and either from inability or neglect, he failed to provide for the child, so the little fellow led a homeless, unclothed, uncared-for, half starved existence for a while. His life was the more pitiable because his accident had made him deaf. He had so completely lost his hearing that he never, so long as he lived, was able to hear anything again.

Through his deafness, and probably also to the added effect of his lonely existence, he forgot how to talk, so that for a number of years he was both deaf and dumb.

After a couple of years of vagabond life he was placed in the work-house and was there taught the shoemaker's trade. After he had learned how to make shoes he was apprenticed to a shoemaker in the town. But the shoemaker treated the boy so unkindly that the authorities interfered and he was returned to the work-house, where he remained plying his trade for four years.

In his soundless and speechless life he was, however, steadily and unconsciously developing an active mentality. He loved, when he had an opportunity, to wander off and study all the varied phenomena of the myriad forms of life in the field and wood all the wonderful changes and phenomena of the earth and air. He loved, too, dearly to stand before the window of the printsellers, and on holidays frequently made excursions to neighboring towns in order to look in the windows there, standing quietly sometimes for hours thus engaged.

Every penny he could possibly get and save was spent for books. He read everything he could get hold of. Two of the "poor law guardians" who had a few books of their own, lent him all they possessed. One day when he entered a book store and communicated with the bookseller by means of paper and pencil, as was his wont, he attracted the attention of a gentleman who was standing beside the counter. The gentleman, making some inquiries, felt very much interested in the boy and immediately began to try and plan some way by which he might be helped. The gentleman—a Mr. Harvey, a member of the society of friends—was a book-lover and student himself, and could appreciate the desire of the unfortunate youth, and understanding the boon that the love of reading and of knowledge might be to one so shut away from all ordinary associations. He secured, in a little while, a position for John Kitto as an assistant in a public library, and there the boy found himself surrounded by the book friends in which he had found such estimable comfort and delight.

Even before this appointment, however, the youth had made a slight entry to the world of print. For some of his articles embodying gleanings from his studies and their suggested thoughts had been published in the local papers. About the time of his entering on the library work some of his interested friends made a collection from these publications and had published in collated form for his benefit.

TWO IOWA "ROSE BUDS"



Doris Smith, Condon, Ia.



Hazel Holmes—aged 7.

After his entrance into the library his progress in his studies was very rapid, for he was able to pursue them with all the eager ardor and devotion which a love for them inspired. Among other things he acquired the Latin, Greek, and even the Persian languages.

After a time he became a tutor, and travelled extensively with his pupils, thus adding to his knowledge a personal acquaintance with the scenes, habits and customs of other countries and peoples. He visited in this way Malta, Bagdad, and other places in the Orient, as well as the more frequented countries of Europe and the Bible-land, and he wrote delightful books describing his travels. His facility and skill as a writer became such that he was able to support himself wholly by the products of his pen. He became widely known in literary circles for his Biblical studies.

To him his travels in the Holy Land meant a great deal, for though deaf to the usual sound of ordinary life, he heard in his soul "the wonderful music" of the spiritual and divine life. He loved intensely all humanity as God's providence—for had not the Divine Power lifted him from darkness, led him into the light, and given him rare gifts, and also the power to use them under circumstances especially trying, difficult and unpromising?

He was the founder and the editor of "*The Journal of Sacred Literature*," and he wrote among other things, a "*Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature*," a "*Pictorial Bible*," and "*Daily Bible Illustrations*."

He sought to escape from his physical imprisonment, unconsciously sought it at first, perhaps, by studying first nature and life in their various phases; then followed a study of books, and by gradual and steady advancement he came to seek knowledge and wisdom, that he might advance the conditions of humanity; and through it all he strove to be a channel for the dissemination of the holiness of the Divine love and wisdom. A minister of our day says:

"To no one man are we so indebted for the immense progress in Scriptural study and the popularizing of Biblical knowledge than to John Kitto, the son of a drunken mechanic, and the deaf and solitary work-house boy."

His life was not long for he was but fifty when he died; but the thought of the trials and limitations under which it was commenced, limitations which in some degree lasted throughout its continuance, and of its remarkable conquest, acquirements and achievements, should induce all to do their utmost with courage, unfaltering diligence and faith, knowing that "with God all things are possible.—*Messenger*."

The Equator

An old lady on a ship had pestered the captain to show her the equator when they crossed the line and this he had agreed to do. So about the appointed time he handed her a telescope and while she held it to her eye, he pulled a hair from his head and held it across the object glass. The old lady said: "I see it, I see it; and actually there is a camel walking along the equator. How wonderful!"—L. M. S.

There is an idea abroad among people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may. —*Robert Louis Stevenson*.

When we get to sending food supplies through the mails it is to be hoped that the gentleman who cancels the stamps will go easy on the eggs.



MUTUAL AFFECTION

Half-tone reproduction made by Clarence A. Boxley, of the Troy Photo-Engraving Co., Troy, N. Y.

NEWARK NOTES

Randon Briefs and Sketches of the Metropolis

Thanksgiving, the day of feasting, has come and gone into the past. Newark was wide awake on that day; various sports, the municipal dinner and a large number of social affairs and entertainments provided an excellent opportunity to make merry.

Most of us took the opportunity. Many of the deaf of this vicinity were out of town, others entertained or were entertained at dinner. All unanimously report a splendid time, so we were content and happy.

Thanksgiving itself acts as a kind of "curtain raiser" for the holidays. We have noticed that as soon as the last scrap of turkey and other "goodies" have disappeared, the store windows with their display of wares and a certain stout, good natured gentleman in whiskers and an ermine bordered suit reminds all of us that we are once more to pass, gradually, into the bustle and throng that characterizes the approach of "Ye Merrie Yuletide."

Newark, with its many large shops, and other advantages, becomes a veritable Mecca for shoppers of the country around, as well as of the adjoining suburbs. One may sit and gaze in reverie on the surging masses of humanity as they pass, some with the buoyant step of youth, anticipation and hope in their eyes, others with the laggard step of hopeless or surfeited age; nevertheless on the faces of all, is the spirit of the season. One pauses to gaze in spirit from our own peaceful home and shores to the war ridden and devastated plains of Europe. How many of our deaf brethren may be in need? How many even feel that the feast of Love, Peace and Good will toward all men holds nothing for them that is in keeping with the day? Let us hope that they do not suffer and let us all unite in giving aid to those in need, both at home and abroad. To those who will read Dicken's "Christmas Carol" will come the realization that there is a spirit to the occasion that does not demand that we think of ourselves alone. With a wish of happiness to all, we join the refrain—

"Then again I sing 'til the roof doth ring
And it echoes from wall to wall—
To the stout old wight, fair welcome tonight,
As the king of the seasons all!"

We have read much and heard more of the deaf in the "make good" class, yet it never occurred to us that there were such men and women right in our own circle of friends. We have in view a particular man whose achievement deserves comment. As one saunters up Twelfth Avenue in Paterson one may see many handsome residences, yet one, number fifty-three, arrests our attention. It's well kept lawn and quiet air of refinement denotes what kind of a spirit reigns there. To the casual inquirer we may state that the residence is owned by Mr. William Atkinson, a deaf-mute, active as a ribbon weaver in one of the many silk mills of Paterson.

Mr. Atkinson is well known in his home city, and respected and honored by all who come into contact with him. Through his untiring effort he has brought his life to where he may proudly view his success and many envy him his handsome and comfortable home where he resides with his charming wife and three gifted and pretty children. It shows what a deaf man can do if he wants to. "Nothing succeeds like success."

On the evening of November 28th, New Jersey Deaf-Mutes' Society held its regular monthly meeting. There was an unusual number of members present; there was a reason, it was election night.

Prior to the regular routine the Committee on

Nominations, composed of the Messrs. Atkinson, Bouton and Schornstein, were in consultation and after a short intermission announced the following selections:

President,
CHARLES CASCELLA vs. JOHN M. BLACK
Vice-President,
EDWARD BRADLEY vs. WM. ATKINSON
Secretary,
JOSEPH ADLON vs. DAVID SIMMONS
Financial Secretary,
HARRY REDMAN vs. PHILIP HOENIG
Treasurer,
FRED BOUTON vs. R. M. ROBERTSON
Sergeant-at-Arms,
L. PUGLIESE vs. T. A. LITTLE

After this the various reports were read and these proved the Society on a firm, financial footing. As the transaction of business concluded the election took place with the following result:

President, Charles Cascella; Vice-President, Wm. Atkinson; Secretary, Joseph Adlon; Treasurer, Robert Robertson; Financial Secretary, Philip Hoenig; Sergeant, Theodore A. Little.

All members agreed that the selections were beyond reproach. This makes the third consecutive term of "Smiling Charles" Cascella and Joseph Adlon as Secretary. Mr. Cascella's election was but natural. Chiefly through his energy and iron will the Society now enjoys its present prestige. As an individual we were sure he has done more than at first would seem possible.

Mr. John M. Black and Mr. Wm. Atkinson are cronies of old. In fact, their friendship throws them together so much that they appear as inseparables. To fish or hunt together seems to be their hobby. Recently they got into their canoe on a chilly November morning and paddled far up the Passaic River around Singac. On this occasion they "had it in," particularly for the sulking Pike. Their luck—oh, well, we do not wish to be accused of "speaking out of school." We only volunteer a surmise and that is that on that particular morning some one must have warned the pike family of impending danger, for all pikes and pikelettes gave their canoe a very wide berth. On returning home they freely admitted that they could have been arrested for what they were thinking; we were ready with a poultice for their feelings and wished them better luck next time.

The Newark papers bring the announcement of an exhibition of Pottery and Ceramic Art that will be held in Newark the early part of next year. Trenton, with its vast potteries, will be well represented, as will the Amboys with their Terra Cotta. It surprises the average reader that the clay industry of this State markets annually around 17,000.00 dollars worth of goods. Those who take the pains of going to the Public Library, where the exhibition will be held, will be amply repaid for their trouble, as this exhibition will be by far the best ever shown in the State.

Already there are distant murmurings of a "good time" that is in store for the members and friends of the New Jersey Deaf-Mutes' Society. The cat has been let out of the bag by the way of an announcement that the Society will have a "Watch Night" Party on December 31st. This affair assumes something of the exclusive, as the tickets have been limited to members, and their intimate friends. In previous years it has been found that an unlimited sale of tickets provoked several inconveniences that were entirely out of keeping with the pleasant gathering the affair was to be. Of course all the members will be there in their best bibs and tuckers to watch the old year pass out into that vast space of formless things called the past and welcome in the New Year in a befitting manner.

A pleasant evening is anticipated.

Many of the friends of Mr. A. Lincoln Thomas,

the capable salesman of the Rogers Peet Co., regretted to hear of the loss he sustained through the death of his mother in Catskill, N. Y., recently. While attending the obsequies he caught a severe cold that developed into La Grippe, which confined him to bed for a week. He is about again, but feels the effects.

Many of the Newark deaf were surprised to learn of the engagement of Miss Jennie Palmeri of Stapleton, S. I., to Mr. Frank Parella, of Newark. Mr. Parella is a former pupil of the New Jersey School for the Deaf and well known among the local deaf.

In concluding, we wish to extend to all of our readers a Very Merry Christmas, with joy and appropriate happiness and a very Prosperous New Year, to bring health and good fortune.

JOSEPH ADLON.

FROM AUSTRALIA

Dear Mr. Editor:—I have begun to wonder what my American cousins are thinking of, and whether they imagine Australia is German territory, because, since this awful war involved our Empire in such trouble, I have not had any letters or offers of Members for the Second Australian Correspondents Club which I am trying to start. How's that, oh wisest of men and editors?

I can assure you that though we poignantly regret this war we are as one with England and recognize that if she had remained neutral, her act would have covered us all with dishonour.

The Second Australian Correspondents Club is still incomplete. I have got members in England and Scotland; one in U. S. A. (Dakota). I had hoped for one in Germany and had written him through the kind advice of M. Gaillard, Paris, who himself was prevented joining; I have written to addresses given in U. S. A. without much result, and I particularly desire members in California and Canada.

Now that the holidays in America are well over, perhaps you will kindly give your readers a reminder of the Club that is still in course of formation and so help me to fill the gaps in my list of members. The mail routes are still open, and we can trust the British Empire to keep them so, though there will be more risks than in times of peace and some letters may get lost on the high seas, still "nothing ventured nothing won" is good to be remembered, and there will be lots to tell about the war from many different points of view.

Our German colonists here give us no trouble, though of course they are watched and, if reasonably suspected of treachery to our flag, would be promptly put under lock and key. Many Australians of German parentage are now fighting under our flag, and are staunch and loyal subjects of the King. We hear a great many "fairy tales" made in Germany but they do not take us in much; quite the latest tells how a fleet of Zepelins took London; and that the Germans have made the King a prisoner for a large ransom. Last week some Germans, who had made good their escape from Apia when the New Zealand Force annexed Samoa, heard that Germany had recaptured it, and went back; they are now prisoners of war in New Zealand, seventeen of them, and wishing they had not been so gullible.

With every good wish and hoping you have all had a good time in vacation believe me to be

Very truly yours,

M. OVEREND WILSON.

578 Leichardt St., Brisbane.
Queensland, Australia.

Give us a man, young or old, high or low, on whom we know we can thoroughly depend, who will stand firm when others fail; the friend faithful and true, the adviser honest and fearless, the adversary just and chivalrous,—in such a one there is a fragment of the Rock of Ages.—Dean Stanley.

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, CHEFOO, CHINA

March 31, 1914.



MY DEAR FRIENDS:—I realize that if one is to keep in touch with friends letters must be written; at least those received must be answered. I have had quite a pile of unanswered letters on my desk for a long time; it has been just impossible for me to get them all answered.

To go back a little in the history of the past days of our work, I shall have to begin with the end of 1910, when Miss Carter left us for her furlough. While she was gone of course I had the care of both schools. Miss Clark, of Toronto, was with me a part of the time and gave such help as she could, but her not having a command of the language was indeed a handicap. She was always ready, though, to turn her hand to anything; and I missed her when she left. All through the months there never seemed a time when I could get ahead of my work: it was always driving me—which gives one such a tired feeling.

About a year ago I began to feel that I was going beyond my strength, and soon after Miss Carter's return in April I had a serious break-down. Under the doctor's order I spent months resting. It was good to take my rest on the verandah, overlooking the sea and the islands. And all through the summer the guests who were in Chefoo, often came in to cheer the idle hours. How kind everyone was!

At the end of August I was able to travel, and the doctor advised a complete change; so I went first to Tsingtau, where I attended a few meetings in connection with the annual Mission Meeting, and then went on to Tsinanfu, where I spent a delightful month with my son who is connected with the Y. M. C. A. work, being the Presbyterian representative for this year. This work developed after Dr. Mott's meetings, and as the results have largely been gathered up by his efforts, he is naturally much interested, but he will be quite ready, next year, to go back to work in the University.

There is a most interesting and successful union of mission work in Tsinan on the part of the American Presbyterians and the English Baptists. This has brought together a delightful circle of friends, and my month there was a very pleasant and restful one.

One afternoon we visited a wonderful temple far up on the hillside, called the "Thousand Buddha Temple." Countless little images are cut in hundreds of places on the face of the rock. The view from the main temple is very fine: the great city of Tsinanfu lies on the plain; in the distance is the Yellow River, and the waterways of the wonderful lake glimmer in the sunshine, and marvellous geological formations of immense cones of earth and rock spring directly out of the plain. They are like pyramids without any gradual slope to reach them. I think that nowhere in the world is just the same formation to be found. There are many delightful places about Tsinan to visit—caves, hot springs, and other natural features.

In the city there are interesting schools, some of which we visited; but perhaps the most interesting institution is Mr. Whiteright's museum and lecture hall. Here are gathered together in different rooms natural objects, pictures, charts,—everything one can think of to illustrate subjects. There is a large lecture hall, reading-room and recreation room. Thousands of men and students visit this place every year and much valuable information is given to them.

There is a strong evangelistic department which comes in for its share of attention. No one can estimate the good that such a place does the Chinese.

One delightful afternoon was spent on the lake,—about which I must tell you. The lagoon, which is owned by rich people, comprises one-fourth of the city and is the most valuable farming land in the region. It is divided into small plots and rented out to farmers. It produces lotus, valued for its flowers, but its roots, pods and seeds are edible and the larger leaves are dried and serve as wrapping-paper.

These plots of water are separated by hedges of reeds, bulbous marsh grass, used for making screens, baskets, partitions (in place of lath,) and for thatch; the grass is also used to make mats and bags for holding vegetables, while the roots, are edible,—something like bamboo-sprouts. The mosses are gathered and dried, to be used for stuffing straw cushions and for packing fruit to be stowed away, for the winter. Fish, snails, shrimps, mussels, frogs, water-bugs, teal, all edible, abound. The farmers go about in small oval wooden tubs which they can paddle by hand. I could think of nothing but Diogenes in his tub! The lake is fed from thousands of living springs running down from the hills.

It is the pleasure ground for the city. There are three kinds of boats for the use of guests—scows,—boats with a small roof; and then the large boats enclosed with glass, which can be closed or open, and lighted in evening with a score or more of gay lanterns, holding from eighteen to twenty people, with seats and tables for serving a picnic dinner. The boats are poled by a man at the stern. There are temples—a fine one to Li Hung Chang, five other main ones, and a large theatre on the bank.

Fishing is done by baskets, nets, and hooks. There are water gates in the north wall, through which acres of vegetable gardens are irrigated, and several places I saw small gates through which the water flowed into a rich man's private grounds. Surely never was a lake more useful! But it lacks the scenic beauty of the far-famed West Lake of Hangchow.

Early in October I returned to Chefoo by way of Tientsin, spending two delightful days with Dr. and Mrs. Nye. Dr. Nye is our much-appreciated American dentist. He and his wife are from Boston, and are delightful people. On reaching home I took up only a little work in connection with the School, but gave much time and thought to the building of the new house which is to be my home. The contract was let and the excavating done and the foundation put in before the cold weather stopped work. There will be a Guest Room in the new house, something I have lacked for some time. The latchstring will be out for all the friends who may travel this way. I hope to be in the house about the 1st of July. The rooms I vacate in the Boys' School building will be immediately used for various school purposes. This room is much needed and will enable us to enlarge our work. Miss Carter, in the Girls' School is, also, much crowded and we hope to put up another building for that department. The introduction of Industrial Work requires considerable extra room; this, with the additional number of pupils, has filled every corner.

Early in December I took charge of the Language Class for new missionaries, thus, giving Mrs. Neal a chance to go home for the holidays. She was gone about a month. We have thirteen new workers in our Mission, and three others from other Missions are studying with them. Each student has his (or her) native teacher; then there is a head native teacher, with Mrs. Neal as superintendent over all. The work is intensely interesting, and I enjoyed my month with the class very much.

At the end of January I started for Hangchow by way of Shanghai. Taking a German boat at Chefoo I was able to spend two days in Tsingtau, one of which was the Kaiser's Birthday, when I went out to the parade grounds and saw the Governor review the troops. It was a gay scene, bristling with warlike potentialities—interesting but disquieting!

After spending about a week in Shanghai I went on to Hangchow. Unfortunately, I had taken a very severe cold, so that my work (which was the opening of a branch school) was done under difficulties. However, we have the little school opened, with six pupils, and it is to be supported entirely by the Chinese. Before this work was finished I returned to Shanghai to attend a Wellesley Tiffin given by Mrs. Elise Site Raven. Six Wellesley women were gathered in her home and many were the stories told of Wellesley days, both past and present.

The next day I spoke before the American Woman's Club, with Dr. Wu Ting Fang and Mr. Tang

Shao Yi as special guests. All seemed much interested in our work. Both of the Chinese gentlemen expressed themselves as greatly appreciating what we were doing for the Chinese deaf. Mr. Tang complimented the boys highly on their proficiency in writing Chinese characters. (I had with me two of the deaf boys for demonstration work.) Pointing to a character written on the blackboard which contained nineteen strokes of the crayon, he exclaimed, "My own son, the same age as this deaf boy, cannot write characters equal to this. Why, this character is written as well as a man could write!" Then followed a little joke at the expense of Dr. Wu. It seems that Dr. Wu's knowledge of Chinese characters is somewhat limited—due to his many years of residence abroad and constant use of a Chinese scribe, so Mr. Tang advised him to attend our School and learn to write Chinese!

While in Shanghai, my days were filled with letter-writing and the preparation of our Biennial Report. This is to be printed by the Commercial Press—a Chinese institution, really the outgrowth of mission work. Their immense printing establishment furnishes work for over 4,000 men, women and children. Mr. Bao Yien Chen, Manager of the Workers, has recently returned from a trip around the world, when he visited many similar institutions.

While visiting the Press one day I saw a most interesting sight. Scores of young children, each with a little baby strapped to his or her back, were playing in an open space near the Works. At a certain time they all trotted with their charges through the large doorway and disappeared somewhere in the rear of the building. I wondered what it meant, and was told that the mothers of the babies were working in the bindery and these little caretakers were carrying the babies in to be nursed!

Mr. Bao has very generously offered to take boys from our School as apprentices. Our three graduates of last June are working there now, two in the Engraving and one in the English Printing Department. Another of our boys is working in the Presbyterian Mission Press. You can imagine what a pleasure it is to me to see these young men, products of our work in Chefoo, taking their place and holding their own as workmen. They all came to have tea with me one afternoon.

I returned to Chefoo on March fifteenth, and then began the work of looking after the new building. What this means, with unskilled Chinese carpenters and masons, you can perhaps imagine! Really, one feels that a missionary should know almost everything.

In closing this letter I wish to express my thanks to all who have remembered me by letters or Christmas gifts. Books and cards have found their way from the home-land to China and brought their messages of love and remembrance. Thank you, each one.

You will be glad to know that my younger son is living with me in Chefoo and has a very good business position. This gives me the feeling that I have a real home again.

As you may know, Miss Carter returned last April, and has been busy in carrying out the many excellent ideas that she gained while visiting schools in America. Her return was most opportune, for she has been able to relieve me of a large share of the work and responsibility.

Unfortunately, last spring the grippe was prevalent and a number of the deaf girls took the disease. Two have not made a good recovery, but have evidently developed tuberculosis. One has returned to her home, and the other, who is still with us, is very ill. Our hearts are saddened by the sickness of these two dear girls. They are both Christians, and we wish they might be spared as witnesses for Him.

In my next letter I will tell you about the new School for the Deaf in Hangchow.

Hoping that you will accept this duplicate of a typewritten letter as though it were written by my own hand.

I remain, with best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

ANNETTA T. MILLS.



According to the *Silent Courier* there must have been about 6,000 deaf in Belgium. In 1907, there were twelve schools for the deaf with 181 teachers and 1265 pupils.—*Rome (N.Y.) Register*.

An Oregon newspaper states that Robert H. Moulton, widely known magazine writer and journalist, of Chicago, is deaf, but learned lip reading as a child.—*Washingtonian*.

Mrs. Annette F. Mills, founder of the first and until recently only school in China, at Chefoo, has started another at Hangchow. In a recent number of the *Mt. Airy World* she interestingly describes her visit there and at other places, among them Tsingtau.

Mr. Elmer Hannan, a deaf sculptor, made an excellent bust of Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, which was on exhibition in the college chapel hall during the semi-centennial celebration. One of the professors who saw it has said that it is a life-like likeness of the great educator and advocate of the Combined System.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

Thomas Marr, of Nashville, Tenn., has returned home from a visit to Florida and Cuba. He is a deaf-mute architect and gets \$5,000 a year. He has an one-half interest in one of the best moving-picture theatres in that place. He owns an automobile.

Mr. William Platt, of 10 Byron St., Old Park Road, Belfast, Ireland, would like to exchange post cards with the American deaf of either sex. He likes everything American and expects to cross over the Big Pond to the Stars and Stripes sometime in the future.

Mr. George T. Sanders, of Philadelphia, while in New York City recently, discovered a painting by Humprey Moore, the famous deaf artist in the corridor of the lobby in the Hotel Martinique, where he was stopping. No New York mute seemed ever to know of its existence before.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

People who rarely see deaf-mutes are frequently surprised to see how respectable they are when they come upon an assemblage of them. For instance once a good western bishop visited All Souls' Church for the Deaf in Philadelphia, and said to the deaf pastor: "Why your women are really pretty, and they wear very becoming hats." Strange things perhaps for a reverend bishop to notice, but his words convey a world of impression.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

A West Virginia deaf man has shown that when brains are backed by perseverance they will win.

When he left school he saw that motoring was bound to be the thing, so he got a place as mechanic's helper in a garage and learned the different makes of automobiles and how to fix them.

Then he became a doctor's chauffeur and got a reputation as a skillful and careful driver. Now he is kept busy refusing offers of employment, as he has been employed by a banker for a number of years. Although we have heard of many deaf men driving their own machines, his is the first case of a deaf chauffeur.—*Minnesota Companion*.

Stanley Robinson, a blind-deaf resident of the New York Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, has had accepted and published in the *Scientific American* of recent date an article on "Diaphragmatic Hearing," which elucidates the different ways in which a deaf man is made conscious of the vibrations of sound. His information is probably new and extraordinary to those who are not acquainted with the deaf.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

Charles W. Ullrich, formerly of Des Moines, is a copyreader in the editorial rooms of the Chicago Examiner. He is probably the only deaf-mute in the country so employed on the great dailies. He has worked for the Hearst papers in San Francisco and Los Angeles also, and was in Alaska for sometime, setting up and operating the first linotype installed in that part of the country. He was Mr. Z. B. Thompson's old pupil.—*Iowa Deaf Hawkeye*.

Mr. Thomas McCreedy, owner and publisher of the Buckhannon, W. V., *Banner*, recently sold his paper and printing plant and will now retire from business. Mr. McCreedy is one of the early graduates of this school and is on our honor roll. In spite of deafness he has been successful in a field of active competition, and now retires with a competence to spend the evening of life in rest and quietude. He will continue to reside in Buckhannon, where he has spent the greater part of his useful life among his old friends and neighbors who hold him in esteem.—*Virginia Guide*.

A blind man is in the city jail, at Omaha, Neb., looking sorrowfully at a deaf-mute, as the latter is heaping maledictions upon the Police Department in general and Detectives Ring and Van Deusen in particular. A legless man is stamping angrily around in the same cell, every now and then spitefully kicking at the bars and urging the mute to yell louder and make the detectives hear.

At the station a search developed the fact that one man poses as a mute. The second as a blind man and the third as a legless man. They all had pitiful begging letters and signs and were about to "open up shop" when the officers found them.—*N. Y. World*.

Two young deaf men gave an exhibition of quickness of thought and daring action in Denton, Tex., not long ago. They were at the depot when the horses attached to an omnibus began backing toward the moving train. Two ladies, one with a child in her arms, were crowded back against the train. The lady had her shoulder sprained, causing her to drop the child, which rolled under the moving train. Herman Gough slipped between the bus and the train and pulled the lady out of danger, while his companion, Hosea Hooper, dropped between the track and the platform and snatched the child from the advancing wheels. He got her out just as the truck passed. The steps of the coach knocked him over but did not hurt him.—*Record (Mo.)*.

Leslie Oren went home to vote last Monday and returned Tuesday evening. He went alone both ways, being in the care of the conductor. On his return trip the conductor forgot him and let him pass to Newark. Leslie tried to talk to him by writing capital letters on a paper, but as he cannot write as we do very well, but did not succeed. So he produced a manual alphabet card, and spelled his letters on his hand, while a young man looked over the card to find what letters he meant. The young man in turn looked at the card to find how to spell certain letters to him and thus they communicated with each other. Leslie was passed back to Columbus from Newark, and given in the care of a station officer who led him to a taxicab to be transferred to the Institution. In voting an old friend of his marked his ballot as he dictated. It was Leslie's first vote, as he just turned of age last month. So we see how an educated deaf-blind person can go it alone in the world if necessary.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

THE SPICE BOX

BY HARRY E. STEVENS

Best wishes for a very Happy New Year to my dear readers.

Fun Doctor

"Blessed are those who laugh for they shall grow fat."

With the first of the month father will kindly open his mail, get out his check-book, and make a New Year's resolution to join the readers of the *SILENT WORKER* before next Christmas.

Do It Now

All we have is just this minute,

Do It Now.

Find your duty and begin it—

Do It Now.

Surely you're not always going

To be "a going to be," and knowing.

You must some time make a showing.

Do It Now.

The One Thing He Wanted

After waiting the usual five or ten minutes the new arrival was served with the first dinner course of soup, runs the story in Judge's Library. Hesitating a moment as he glanced at his plate, the guest said to the waiter: "I can't eat this soup." "I'll bring you another kind, sir," said the waiter as he took it away. "Neither can I eat this soup!" said the guest, a trifle more emphatically, when the second plate was served. The waiter, angrily but silently, for a third time brought a plate of soup. "I simply can't eat this soup!" once more said the guest in a low, emphatic tone. But this time the waiter was furious and called the hotel proprietor, while the guests at the near-by table looked over that way with curious glances. "Really, sir, this is unusual. May I ask why you can't eat any of our soups?" demanded the proprietor. "Because I have no spoon," replied the guest, quietly.

No Wonder

A bashful country girl walked into Hayes' butcher shop the other day carrying three live chickens. She asked Bill Gaab what he would give for them, at the same time laying them down on the counter. Gaab did not know that their legs were tied and asked the girl if they would lay there. The girl bit her handkerchief, blushed and finally managed to say, "No, sir; they are roosters."—*Townsend (Mont.) Opinion*.

Strange, What?

"Isn't it strange, mused the woman, that so many different names should be applied to persons who patronize the different trades and professions. A lawyer has his clients, doctors and dentists have their patients, a merchant has his customers, an artist has his patrons. What, "she added turning to the architect, "do they call the people who patronize you?" "Victims," said the architect with suspicious spontaneity.

Training An Oriental.

A Canadian woman wanted to show her Chinese servant the correct way to announce visitors, and one afternoon went outside her front door, rang the bell and made the man usher her into the drawing room.

The following afternoon the bell rang and not hearing him answer it, she went to the door herself. To her surprise he was standing waiting outside.

"Why, Sing," she asked, "what are you doing here?"

"You foolse me yestddy. I foolse you today," was his reply.—*Punch*.

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dent, and if you will give a deaf man even half
a chance, he will take care of himself, says the
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and as square in their dealings as any people in
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them, and the money spent in establishing and
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FREE ADMISSION TO TRAP SHOOTS

While the baseball fans solemnly declare that they
will forever shun the bleachers at major league
games unless the admission price is reduced to "two
bits" and then walk right up to the ticket window
and shell out 50 cents, gun-bugs pursue the "even
tenor of their way" witnessing their favorite sport
without cost, for be it known, there is never any
charge made for entrance to a shootfest.

In discussing this phase of trapshooting a well-
known local man remarked: "Imagine the baseball
barons announcing that no charge would be made for
admission to the World's Series! Yet this was pre-
cisely what the Interstate Association said, in effect,
at Dayton, Ohio, last month, when the Grand Ameri-
can Trapshooting Handicap was staged at the
grounds of the N. C. R. Gun Club, for to the 40,000
trapshooters in the United States, the G. A. H. is
the 'World's Series' of this great American sport.

"Think of being admitted free to an event in which
more than 500 amateurs and nearly 100 professionals
took part! Or imagine seeing, without cost, the
champions of thirty-for States battle for the national
amateur title. What other sport can show such a
spirit of liberality to its followers and friends? I'll
tell you, trapshooting has it on 'em all."

TRAPSHOOTING A BIG FEATURE OF CELEBRATIONS

Just as ballon ascensions, baseball games and a
midway have in the past been advertised as the fea-
tures of city celebrations so trapshooting is now tak-
ing its place as one of the star attractions in many
affairs throughout the country. A present instance
is the old home week held at Wilmington, Del., this
month. In the official program, window cards and
posters, trapshooting is given a place of equal impor-
tance with the other attractions to provide amusement
and draw visitors from distant points.

In a number of cities, Chambers of Commerce are
encouraging the organization of trapshooting club
because of the wide publicity given through the pub-
lication of the scores of local shooters in magazines
with national circulation. As every trapshooter in
the country, shooting in registered tournaments, is
pitted against every other shooter for yearly average
honors, trapshooting publications have big circula-
tions and are carefully read by every follower of the
game. It is this fact that makes a trapshooting club
a publicity-getter for its home town.

CHICAGO WANTS THE GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP

While the place for holding the 1915 Grand Ameri-
can Trapshooting Handicap will not be decided until
the meeting of the Interstate Association in Decem-
ber, already a number of cities are making bids for
the big sporting event.

Among the leaders in the race for the honor of
staging the event is Chicago, and, if aggressiveness
counts, the Windy City will be the mecca of the trap-
shooting fraternity of the United States in Septem-
ber of next year.

Quite a lot of campaigning was done at the recent
Grand American—held in Dayton—by members of
the Chicago and Riverside Gun Clubs. The efforts
of the shooters were supplemented by the work of a
number of prominent Chicago business men not iden-
tified with the shooting game, but who appreciate the
importance of the national trapshooting meet.

Tentative plans have been prepared for the laying
out of elaborate and extensive shooting grounds on
the lake front, just off Jackson Boulevard, and Chi-
cago's representation at Washington is working to
secure the permission of the Government to place a
battery of traps on the shore of Lake Michigan.

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gust, 1915, the appeal is still
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In urging their claims, the Chicago delegation at
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spectators.

Dayton, Ohio, is also in a receptive mood and if the
matter had been left to a vote of the more than 600
shooter guests of the N. C. R. Gun Club during the
1914 session of the Grand American which closed
September 13th, Dayton would be, for the third con-
secutive time, the next meeting place of gun bugs
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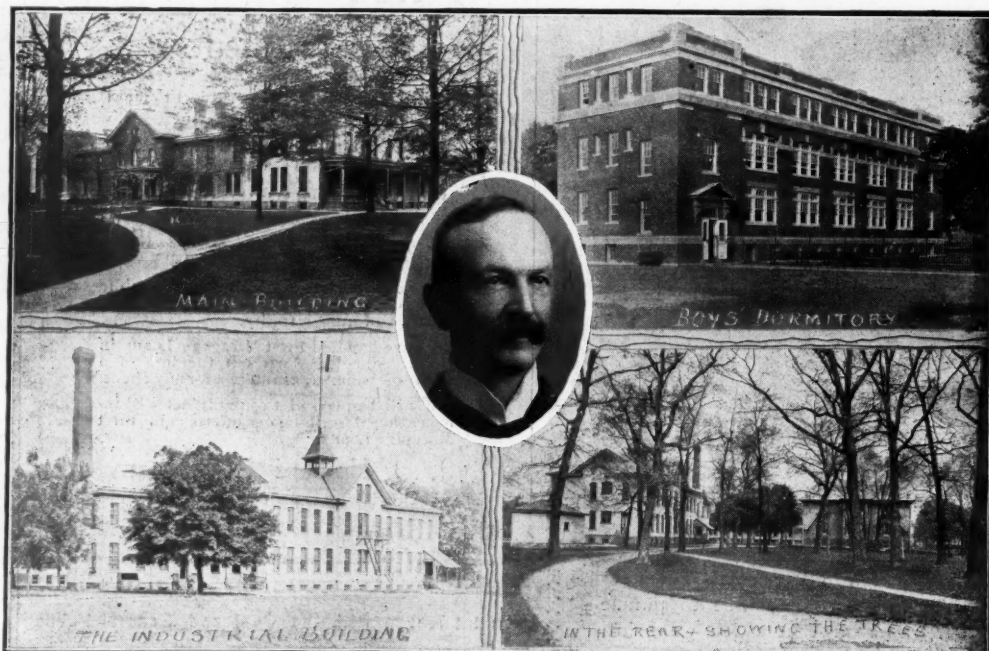
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